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Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

FIDELITY OF SLAVES.

From The Richmond (Va.) Sentinel.

A SUFFERER by the Combahee raid sums up his sorrows in the following sentence: "What contributed most to my mortification was, that in my whole gang of slaves, among whom there were any amount of Aarons, Abrahams, Isaacs and Jacobs, there was not one Abdiel—not one remained loyal to the rebel." This is the complaint of hundreds and thousands of other sufferers. The most petted, trusted and seemingly devoted slaves are found wanting in the hour of trial. Hence inferences adverse to the institution of slavery.

We have heard of a gentleman, not long escaped from a Northern prison, who returns to his native land with an animosity toward the Yankees which language cannot express, and with a determination to submit to the yoke of the Hottentot in preference to that of Lincoln. But, at the same time, he declared that what he saw and heard of the liberated negroes at the North had made him an Abolitionist. Out of thousands of them, old and young, male and female, brutally ignorant, or comparatively well educated, abused or petted, while in a state of slavery, he saw not one who evinced the slightest gratitude towards his former master and mistress; and he, for one, was done with the wretches henceforth and forever. This gentleman's feeling is shared by many others, and the feeling is mistaken as an argument against slavery. Let us examine it.

The escaped slave is ungrateful; therefore, slavery is wrong. Children are often ungrateful; does it follow that the relation of parent and child is wrong? But ingratitude in the Yankeeized negro is the rule, not the exception, as in the case of children. And why? Simply because the negro is, of all human creatures, the most plastic and colorable. So long as he mingled with Southern gentlemen he exhibited traits of humanity; he mixes with Yankees, and, chameleon-like, takes the hideous hues of their treacherous and malignant character. Day after day he hears the slaveholder denounced as the vilest of mankind; he echoes these denunciations, believes what he hears, is moulded to the Yankee will, and becomes himself a Yankee. How quickly this transformation can be wrought in the negro is shown in the very sentence that succeeds the one we quoted at the beginning of this article, "There was not one Abdiel—not one remained loyal to the rebel. They left an old woman who had been bed-ridden for a year, and whose house was next to the driver's house, which had been burnt. I went into her house and found her naked in her bed, stript of her clothing, abandoned by her children and grandchildren." Who believes that negroes would have acted thus if they had not been associated with Yankees, and imitating Yankee actions?

No doubt negroes are glad to be free, and endure cheerfully many privations for the sake of being free. They do not understand the force and truthfulness of Byron's definition of freedom: "Lord of himself, that heritage of woe," and they fancy that the sufferings they now undergo in the Yankee camps will all be over after the war. Poor souls! The negro loves, above all things, idleness; so does the horse, the ox, the ass; aye, and the white man as well. To lie down under the trees, to loll in the sunshine, to rove the woods and do no work. Why, half the human race would love a life like that, and nearly a third do actually lead and enjoy such a life.

But it is certain that all manner of lies, threats, false hopes, every influence that can play upon the fear or the credulity of the negro, are brought to bear by the Yankees; that again and again the negro has been torn by violence from his home, and that many have braved great dangers in order to get back to their masters. Many more would do as much but for fear of the Yankees, a false pride, and the countless obstacles in the way of return. When Fredericksburg was first occupied, an officer in our service was forced to beat a hasty retreat, and leave his negroes, twelve or thirteen in number, behind him. The Yankees held the town for six months, and all his slaves, with but one exception, remained true to him. During the second occupation, all these hitherto faithful slaves disappeared, and at the same time *all the free negroes in town, many of whom owned valuable property*, disappeared also. The free negroes did not leave for the sake of freedom, neither did the slaves; they left because they feared the bombardment, and when once across the river were never allowed to return, but forced to toil, as they had never toiled before, to keep soul and body together.

But if ingratitude proves as much against slavery, it proves as much against white servitude. Every reader of English periodicals is familiar with *Punch's* illustrations of "servant-galism," and all who have lived at the North know too well the sufferings housekeepers endure at the hands of the male and female "helps." Precious little is heard in Yankee land of gratitude from high or low, and so common, indeed, is the vice of ingratitude, that Dr. Kane, in his Arctic journal, declares bitterly that his varied experience had convinced him that mankind were never influenced except by selfish or sordid motives. * * We argue, then, that if ingratitude be the test of an institution, we are not likely to be profited, on moral grounds, by abandoning the Bible system of domestic slavery for the wages system of white slavery.

TO PEACE DEMOCRATS—NO UNION—NEVER—NEVER.

From The Richmond Sentinel, July 23.

OF all the formal expressions of public opinion which have come to us from the United States, we have noticed but one that has a kind word for the people of these Confederate States. True, they all claim that we are one people with them; that we belong to the same country and the same government; and, in short, are their brethren. But the dominant party breathe out against us nothing but slaughter and destruction, and denounce us with as much demoniacal fury

> "As all the fiends from heaven that fell,
> Had pealed the banner-cry of hell."

They intend to have us again by sheer brute force. They disdain the very thought of conceding so much as a civil word to the "*vile* rebels!" They intend to have us, that they may crush us and destroy us. They scout with fury any compromise short of this. They are filled with rage at the bare mention of it. The rumor has gone out that Seward thinks the time has come when he may, with some hope, try upon us his hypocritical blandishments and his false pretensions—never falser than when he swears—never less secure than when he pledges his word of honor. But the very mention that Seward proposes to address us conciliatory words, no matter how hollow and treacherous, has thrown his followers into a paroxysm of rage, and they are denouncing him almost as furiously as they denounce us.

The meetings of the Democratic or Peace party have not gone so far as this. They denounce the war as wickedly and inefficiently conducted, and they declare for peace as the best means of securing reunion. War they consider as hopeless to effect that object. But they have not, in any other instance that we remember, spoken as in the New Hampshire Democratic Convention, presided over by ex-President Pierce, and doubtless animated by his sentiments.

The New Hampshire Democrats, addressing the citizens of the Confederacy, pledge us that if we will come back into the Union they will do all in their power to gain for us such guarantees as will secure our safety. This proposition we believe to be as frankly made as it is courteously expressed. We believe it to be an honest proposition; for Franklin Pierce and Millard Fillmore, and a few others, have pursued a course that commands confidence in their sincerity. We credit the simple word of one of them sooner than we would as many oaths as could be sworn in a week by the men who promised that the peace should be preserved at Fort Sumter, and the existing *status* maintained, at the very time that they were sending thither the material of war.

We respond, therefore, to the New Hampshire Democrats with courtesy and respect. But we tell them what they must know, when we say to them that they are powerless to secure for us those guarantees of which they admit the necessity. Less than three years ago, when the late Union was in the very throes of dissolution, the States which now form the Confederacy sought, in the spirit of conservatism and forbearance, to avoid disruption, with an importunity that now appears to us amazing. We would then have accepted terms which our own better judgments told us were inadequate, and to which nothing but the extreme reluctance to dissolve the existing order of things could have reconciled us. When we look back at it now, it makes us tremble to think that we offered to take the Crittenden compromise.

But conciliation on our part was met only by contumely and defiance by the Republican majority. They were warned of the necessary and inevitable effect of the course they were pursuing, but they treated the warning with contempt and scurrility.

In that decisive hour, the Democrats of New Hampshire, however willing, could do us no good.

We had to take care of ourselves. Falling back on our sovereign rights, and calling upon God to vindicate us, we assumed a separate national life. From that time, the men who wilfully destroyed the Union have been assailing us with all the engines of destruction. They have evinced toward us a malignity which has seldom been paralleled in human history. If it were in their power, they would turn the mountains and pour the seas upon us. They would cover us with consuming lava. They would sink us with the earthquake and overwhelm us with the storm. They devote us, so far as they can, to the desolation of fire and sword.

Do the New Hampshire Democrats suppose for one moment that we could so much as *think* of reunion with such a people? Rather tell one to be wedded to a corpse! Rather join hands with a fiend from the pit. We exhausted conciliation before we separated. Thenceforth there was no room for so much as a thought of reunion. We had buried our dead out of our sight, and the mourners had become comforted. Since that time our false allies have been our vindictive foes. We have ten thousand atrocities to remember against them. The blood of many thousands of martyrs is between them and us. A thousand feelings of horror repel the bare idea of a renewal of association.

Let not the Democrats of New Hampshire, or such as think with them, deem us bitter in these remarks. Let them put themselves in our places. They know how villainously we have been treated. They know that to have submitted to Lincoln's tyranny, was to have taken the yoke forever. We should have been considered as consenting slaves, and even our unavailing friends would have deserted us. Since that time the only greeting of kind words which has come to us from the North, the New Hampshire men have sent. All, or nearly all beside, has been conflagration, sword, demoniac denunciation, and brutal menace of destruction. Could a dead love be expected to revive again in such a fire? Let not the New Hampshire men press us. We are glad that they have seen fit to manifest a human feeling. We respond to them in that. But between the United States and the Confederate States the best that the future can bring is amicable relations.

This cruel war may stop if the North so wills it. And when those in the United States who are disposed to deal fairly with us shall gain the rule, we may in time begin to bury the many bitter memories which now add energy to our resentments, and may make with them treaties that shall be mutually advantageous. Perhaps hereafter good will may be revived again. But Union—never let it be mentioned! Never, never. It is impossible. Let the Democrats of the North content themselves with securing the next best thing. Let them frankly extend to us the hand of peace and propose that the feuds and the bitterness of the present be buried, and that the two Republics be good neighbors and good friends. It is either this or the kill, burn, destroy, consume, annihilate of the fanatics. There is no middle course. For ourselves, we shall stand for our liberties and independence so long as they are denied. And God will grant us a safe deliverance.

Selections.

WHEN THE WAR WILL END.

[The following, says *The Tribune*, is an extract of a letter from a gentleman now residing in Kentucky, a native of Richmond, Va., and, until the commencement of the rebellion, a leading lawyer in one of the Gulf States:]

FOR my part, viewing, as I have for a long time viewed, this gigantic rebellion against civilization in the light of final causes, I can say, God be thanked for our defeats! for the long protraction of the war. These have been profitable to us and to humanity. In our blindness, we first supposed that the war was the evil, and the more speedily it could be ended, the better it would be. It begins now to seem plain enough that the stopping of the war at any time heretofore—even to-day—would have been, and would now be, altogether premature. It has not yet done its work; though it has effected much, more remains to be accomplished. In my opinion, its duration can be more surely calculated from the moral progress of the North than from the result of campaigns in the field. Were the whole North to-day as one man on the moral issues underlying the struggle—and that man John Stuart Mill, or John G. Whittier, or Wendell Phillips, or Fred. Douglass, the rebellion were this day virtually potentially crushed, and would be actually subdued in a few weeks.

In spite of, perhaps in consequence of, our various reverses in battle, we have made great progress toward a healthy moral sentiment on the question of slavery. Only think of it; we actually began to suppress the rebellion by holding, rather than fighting the rebels, with one hand, and catching and returning their loyal fugitive slaves with the other. We were soundly thrashed out of that stupid iniquity, thank God. We then tolerated, but would not encourage, the escape of enslaved patriots from their rebel masters; but even then they must not come within our lines. Still whipped, God be praised. We then went so far as to encourage them to come over to us, and even to put blacking-brushes and spades into their hands—but arms? oh, no! Who would consent to the degradation of fighting by the side of a nigger? Arm the negro, and there will be a mutiny of rank and file. Still the war did not prosper. Then came the announcement of the proclamation—to be made effective some months after date. Mutterings went through the armies. Opposition was arrayed against it, and Fredericksburg came just in time to stay the President's knees, to stiffen his spinal column, and to prepare the way for the favorable reception and practical working of the new programme. Well, we have got so far along that negro troops are rather popular, even in the army—that the negro is encouraged to run away and to help us fight for our country, under peculiar disadvantages and at peculiar risks; but he is not yet allowed to fight for his country on the same footing as all the citizens, and under the protection of the same rules of war, with the same right to good treatment, parole and exchange, when captured, as extend to, and are enjoyed by, all others who risk their lives in this great cause—and I should add, with the same right to promotion, no matter to what grade, for soldierly conduct in the field. I think we are on the way even to this—and that we shall arrive at that behavior toward the negro if the war only lasts as much longer as it has already lasted—perhaps even sooner.

Certainly, we have made progress by reason of the protraction of the war; and how felicitously everything has happened to prevent its termination. The South has been encouraged to hold out, in spite of suffering and loss, by faith in cotton; then by Bull Run; then by the Trent affair; then by a series of victories; then by the prospect of foreign intervention; then by Copperheadism in the North and West. The North has been frustrated, notwithstanding its vast preparations and immense efforts, in a thousand ways—by the very temperament of the President, cautious, slow, temporizing, compromising—by the composition of the Cabinet, at odds with itself, and almost destitute of moral manhood—by the character of its Generals, Scott, McClellan, Buell, Halleck; slow, over-cautious, never daring anything, always a day too late—and by a factious opposition to the Administration, now assuming the form of riotous opposition to the Conscription Act. Always something, on the one side or the other, to prolong the war, in spite of the most confident and all but universal anticipations of an early peace. In the mean time, the slave trade gets itself pretty effectually suppressed, and the District of Columbia is made free, and slavery is prohibited in the Territories for all time to come, and Western Virginia becomes a free State, and Missouri has adopted an Emancipation policy, and Delaware and Maryland are having slaves appraised at something like $6 a head, at which rate the institution clearly won't pay; and Kentucky and Tennessee are finding out what it is to stand guard over the slaves of the Gulf States, and if there is not a "nigger in the woodpile," there are thousands of black soldiers in the army, who are fighting terribly.

Now, when the black man has fought for the country and helped to save it, who is going to send him back into slavery? Who is going to drive him out of the country, under the pretext of colonizing him elsewhere?

Had Pharaoh been instructed by one plague, the rest would have been unnecessary, and would not have been sent, it is reasonable to suppose. They kept coming until the said Pharaoh was brought to terms. Disasters will be visited on us, and the war protracted, until the North is brought to God's terms. What these are, I believe any fair-minded human being can easily learn. The North will be taught them, and will come to them, sooner or later; and then the war will be brought to an end, in my opinion. Hence, I watch most anxiously the progress of moral sentiment in the North, and joyfully greet every indication of moral progress in that quarter, of the softening of Pharaoh's heart. As for the South, she too has her lessons to learn, and God knows they are being taught her in a most forcible and effectual manner. I have no fear but that she will have her lessons well learned, by the time the North is ready to "recite."

Our recent successes have been considerable, but by no means decisive. I rejoice over them exceedingly, but I do not permit myself to consider them the beginning of the end. I still look for reverses, for a weary protraction of the terrible war. Perhaps foreign intervention and foreign war are yet to come. If necessary to bring us to God's terms, they will come—it may be as plague the last and all-sufficient. God's result must be reached, stand out as stiffly and obstinately as we will. Winning battles is not what He asks of us, and is not, therefore, any indication of His returning favor. He bids us, I think, BE JUST AND LET THE OPPRESSED GO FREE. Let us do His bidding, and the plagues cease. We thus have, as it were, the duration of the war under our own control.

DEMANDING THEIR PROPERTY.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Times.

VICKSBURG, Wednesday, July 8, 1863

THESE modest Confederate gentlemen now affect to believe it was understood that, in the stipulation concerning the taking away of their private property, were included their negroes, or as they classically term them, "body servants," because they consider them private property. As a matter of course this absurd claim on the part of the Confederates has caused more disturbance and been fruitful of more trouble to the Provost-Marshal and his assistants than all other things together. Of course the servants, like their masters, have had to be paroled, but, unlike them, they are not anxious to leave *in a hurry;* and those who do wish to leave do not wish to travel in the same direction with their masters. All this causes trouble. At first they tried persuasion, then made brilliant promises, then threatened, and, finally, in their desperation, fell back on the "terms of surrender." They found their private property moving around town, and, to all appearances, as much gentlemen as themselves. (Some of them, during the first day or two after the capture of the place, in the desperation of their hunger, actually stood behind their *private property*, and modestly begged for something to eat, and were glad to "accept" what was left from the nigger's meal. National officers who saw this made the statement to me as a solemn fact.) They had difficulty in finding their private property, and when they did find it, it would not stay where they put it. But, worse than this, and the unkindest cut of all, they actually found some of their private property in a camp below town enlisted as Union soldiers, and learning the manual of the piece! This was a new revelation decidedly. Was it possible that this property of theirs was to be taken for public uses—and *such* uses? It was a "violation of the agreement"; it was not "using them as gentlemen; for how could a gentleman subsist without a nigger?" A horse was well enough in its way, but who was to take care of the horse?

Gen. Logan was accordingly besieged with the most pitiful complaints of bad faith, and the Provost-Marshal heard nothing or little else from morning to night but "My nigger," "My servant," "Can't I have my servant?"

To make a long story short, Gen. Logan, to whom the officers in command of the *Corps d'Afrique* complained of constant interference from these rebel claimants of negroes, gave orders not to enlist any more colored men until these Confederate officers had left the place. At the same time, an order was issued not to allow any of them to carry negroes beyond the lines, or to permit them to go out. "If I had been let alone," said the Colonel of the colored regiment, "my regiment would have been full by this time." Those who have seen these colored men in line and under drill, have spoken of them as a fine, soldierly-looking set of men.

A Union officer was conversing with a rebel officer yesterday, when this subject came up. "Oh, don't talk to me about nigger soldiers, it makes me sick!" exclaimed the rebel. No doubt of it.

LATER—I learn that Gen. Grant has removed all constraint over the peripatetic "private property" of the rebels, by allowing all who wish to go with their masters to do so. If they elect to remain in our lines, and ask protection, they cannot be removed.

MEN AND MOVEMENTS IN MISSOURI.

Correspondence of The Tribune.

ST. LOUIS, July 11, 1863.

OF all the transparent humbug dodges ever attempted to be inflicted on a free people the Emancipation Ordinance passed by the State Convention has obtained the fewest adherents. The people are already in arms (figuratively speaking) against the swindle, and meetings are being held all over the State to protest against it. Last night one of the largest popular assemblages ever convened in this city took place in the Court-House rotunda—the crowd being so great inside, that a separate meeting had to be organized outside for the accomodation of the people. Mayor Chauncey I. Filley presided, and several popular speakers were present. Among them Gen. George B. Smith, an old political war-horse from Pette's County, a native of Virginia, and a slaveholder in Missouri for a quarter of a century. The Convention swindle was denounced and resolutions adopted preliminary to holding a Mass Convention of delegates from every County in the State to insist upon a new Convention fresh from the people, to revise the action of the late session.

Friends of freedom abroad must not be deceived by the outside gloss of this scheme to prolong slavery as a State institution for about forty years, on the plea of Emancipation in 1870, and an apprenticeship thereafter. The Convention very foolishly made two mistakes—had they omitted these errors, the people might possibly have accepted their Ordinance, rather than be bothered by the agitation. First they refused to submit their action to the people, as if afraid of popular condemnation. Second, they discriminated in favor of slavery by exempting slave property from taxation. It is the last cause which excites the chief discontent, and the one which will kill the measure ultimately. The ball is in motion, and will not stop until another Convention is elected whose members have some claim to impartiality and conscience, which the last body has not in any sense.

July 24.—Gen. Schofield's administration of affairs in this department is exciting criticism. It may not be the General's fault, but Gov. Gamble is having things his own way, and the old pro-slavery rule of the State is under full sway. Since General Order No. 63, bringing the operation of the civil within the circle of the military law, and the adoption of a conservative policy by the Commanding General, slave property has risen in value fully one hundred per cent. Slaveholders in the country who had sent off their personal chattels, and in fact abandoned them to their fate, are now reclaiming them. The justices of the peace in this city issue warrants daily for recovering fugitive slaves, and their constables claim the right to search military posts and the Contraband Hotel building for runaways, with impunity—a practice which was abolished under Gen. Curtis as incompatible with the new article of war. Recently, in Franklin County, twenty-three slaves were reclaimed in one day by their former owners, and it is a recognized fact that the negroes now command twice as much as they did when Gen. Curtis was in command of this department.

The opinions of the people on the so-called Emancipation Ordinance passed by the State Convention are being extensively ventilated through public mass meetings and other expressive demonstrations. The majority is clearly in opposition to the Convention Ordinance. Mass meetings called to ratify the Ordinance in Pettis and Macon Counties by the Conservatives were so slimly attended by the latter that the Radicals took possession and passed resolutions at each meeting (held a hundred miles apart) denouncing the Convention, and asking the Legislature to call a new Convention. Only the most ultra pro-slavery journals of the country are satisfied with the measure, while every liberal paper ever suspected of Emancipation sentiments or principles is out bitterly against the scheme, and especially in opposition to that branch of the Ordinance exempting slaves from taxation.

A singular marriage took place here on Wednesday night—nothing more nor less than a union between the Claybanks and Copperheads. At a ratification meeting called to endorse the Convention Ordinance, the old-time pro-slavery champions and several notorious secessionists sat side by side with the Conservative Emancipationists. One Peter G. Camden, an old citizen, a rebel, and author of a work written to prove the divinity of slavery, made a speech at one stand, and Samuel J. Glover, Conservative candidate for the United States Senate, at the other. There were the Federal officeholders, the appointees of President Lincoln, in close communion with the defenders of slavery. Rare marriage! Lovely combination! What a pity the President could not have seen the sight for a moment!

Considerable excitement was caused in Livingston County several days by the arrest of Elder Bratton and Mr. Harbaugh, Editor of *The Weekly Constitution* at Chillicothe, for incendiary language (so called), in relation to Judge McFerran's holding court at that place—the Judge being charged with rebellious sympathies, and the accused being Radical Union men, which means in this region Abolitionists. They were arrested by order of Gen. Guitar, who is so strongly pro-slavery that he hates everything Radical. The excitement about the arrest was so great, that after a few days detention, the Provost-Marshal General ordered the accused to be released unconditionally.

Mr. Wm. McKee, senior superintendent of *The Democrat* of this city, has been released unconditionally from the charge of publishing the letter from President Lincoln to Gen. Schofield. The President was under an implied promise to prevent any harsh dealing with Mr. McKee, and Gen. Schofield saved himself a conflict with the President by dismissing the case. Mr. McKee divulged nothing, and the Copperheads have jumped at the conclusion that the letter was furnished to *The Democrat* by Gen. Curtis.

THE ABOLITIONISTS AND THE WAR.

LETTER FROM WENDELL PHILLIPS.

From The Liberator.

DEAR SIR: You ask me how we, who have hitherto been disunionists, now join in supporting the Union. I answer:

We refused to take office and swear to support the Constitution because we could not promise to do what we thought sin—return slaves to their masters, for instance, as required by the Constitution.

Further than that, our effort to break the Union was only a means to an end. Our object was the abolition of slavery.

No man can foresee the future, or certainly tell even the immediate, much less the final, results of any measure. We must act on probabilities, and use those rightful means within our reach which seem most likely to end an evil perfectly, in the shortest time, and with the least harm. On this principle, in the old times of peace, we labored to break the Union as the best and quickest way to end slavery.

Let me remind you that we never undervalued Union—never had any objection to Union—but only to a Union on pro-slavery conditions, one that supported and strengthened slavery.

The disunion we sought was one which should be begun by the North on principle, from conscientious objection to upholding slavery. Such a division of the Union would have given us a Nation in the North, united on high principle, able to defend itself, rigid against granting any pro-slavery advantage to its Southern neighbor; and the vicinity and example of such a North would have coöperated with the essential weakness of all slaveholding governments in finally abolishing slavery at the South. Such disunion must have been brought about by a public opinion throughout the North adverse to slavery, and would have guaranteed one for the future. The agitation for such disunion, based on the idea that slavery is a sin, to be immediately repudiated at every cost, was the most direct and efficient way of educating the public to a stern anti-slavery principle. You see, therefore, that the abolition of slavery was our object, disunion our weapon—and our method of reaching it was to convert the Nation, and create a strong anti-slavery public opinion.

We sought such disunion for the slave's sake, well knowing, all the time, how much of what his toil had fairly earned disunion would sacrifice, but convinced that, as things then stood, it was the quickest and shortest way to free him. We knew also that our plan would leave the slave to struggle up to freedom against a thousand obstacles, alone and unaided, vexed and hampered by a reluctant master; but that disadvantage was inevitable, and seemed no sufficient reason why we should forego the only method which promised him any speedy and certain relief.

We held that, for such reasons—the rights of the slave and the sin (for anti-slavery men) of upholding the Constitution—the North had the right of revolution—the right to break the Union; and that such division would sooner end slavery than continuing under a Constitution which forbade the North, during peace, to interfere with the slave system of the Southern States.

War came. The South began a war on the Nation. To accept disunion then, one not begun by an anti-slavery North, but forced on a reluctant and half-converted North, though it would have killed slavery in the end, would have lost the slave his share in the Nation he helped to found, and would have left the slave obstructed in his path to freedom by great obstacles, unpitied, unaided, vexed and hampered by an embittered master. Such disunion, too, would probably have helped to prolong slavery, seeing that such a North would have been willing to grant its pro-slavery neighbor many advantages, the recapture of slaves, etc.—and that the South, in this secession, planned to found a Military Despotism, would have been doubly able to protect and prolong the hold of the master on his slave. The conflict of two such nationalities would have entailed perpetual war.

On the contrary, the first gun the South fired gave the Nation the constitutional right to abolish slavery wherever its flag floats, showed that such a measure would inevitably be necessary, and that the Union must probably cease, or rest on the equal liberty of all races.

In these circumstances, the Abolitionists, who were not peace men, and had never asserted the sinfulness of war, perceived that the war itself would produce an overwhelming national opinion adverse to slavery sooner than any other agency. The manifestation war must make of the nature and designs of the Slave Power would inevitably make every Unionist an Abolitionist.

The need of the negro in the conflict would destroy prejudice against color more speedily than any other means could, and his presence in the army would be the first step to civil equality.

We saw that the preservation of the Union would efficiently protect the negro in his transition to perfect freedom, and that the Nation he helped to create owed him this aid, which is of vast importance.

As things stood, therefore, since the war—

1st. The Union means liberty, and to save itself must free the blacks. To uphold it in this struggle for existence, is the readiest way to convert the nation into Abolitionists. One year of such war is worth, for this purpose, twenty years of peaceful agitation.

2d. The Union protects the slave in his transition to liberty, and makes that passage speedy and easy.

3d. It saves him and ourselves all the benefits of a Nationality which his toil and ours has earned in three generations.

4th. It ensures peace throughout North America.

At the present time, therefore, the preservation of the Union gives us all these benefits we have aimed at, and some we never expected to secure by our old plan.

Perhaps all these benefits might have been gained better and cheaper in other ways. But God disposes, the choice is not left with us; we must enter at the door he opens. We had hoped that it would be, and labored that it should be, one of peace; but to Him it has seemed otherwise, and we submit.

We can easily see that war may, perhaps, be the only path to emancipation for a century to come. Peace, on which we had counted, has one danger. The constant sight of successful iniquity is as likely to dull the conscience as to waken it. We could not be certain that, in the struggle between right and interest, the triumph might not be, for a long while, on the wrong side. No one could be sure that our Union, spite of the anti-slavery enterprise, would not have sunk for many years, into a strong, rich, corrupt, pro-slavery nation, greedy of territory, callous to right, and trampling a victim race under its money-seeking feet. The sharp sword of war kills or cures at once; and as God has linked success with justice, we must either be whipped into a people hating slavery as their conqueror, or we must be successful with justice for our ally—the negro our acknowledged equal and brother.

We see, nevertheless, the use of our Disunion Agitation. If we did not fully convert the community by our cry, "Liberty and justice are better than Union," we so far leavened their minds and wakened their consciences that when the war came, the hour found them ready to accept the issue. When the question was put—the old Union with slavery, or a new one without it—the people have been found far more ready than any man had supposed to answer. Give us, at any cost, Union and freedom, pledge of peace and permanence.

In a word, the slave's cause led us to disunion, when disunion seemed the only way within our reach to free him. Now we cling to the Union for the same reason. We can uphold it without dishonor—and it has become the strongest weapon in the slave's behalf—the shortest path to his liberty.

The terms of the Constitution may still, for awhile, shut us out of office; but that is temporary. The spirit of the Union is liberty to all races and every individual. Without that, it must die.

The Union whose life we strive to protect is not one settled, at peace, with a million slaves in its Border States. But it is a nation in the throes of its birth, in its transition and forming state, with the right to free every slave in its limits, willing to free every such slave, and *obliged* to do so, if it continues to exist. While this necessity rests on it, while it agonizes to do this duty, we feel that our place is at its side. If, betrayed by its leaders, it ever settles down into any, the least, systematic toleration of slavery, it will find us, as before, its foes.

You may say the results we expect from this war are not absolutely certain to follow. True. No man can be absolutely sure of the correctness of his judgment; certainly, not in a matter of such complexity as this, where all statesmen have proved false prophets. But we must act on the wisest judgment we can form. Doubtless, the war may cease, and, by the treason and tricks of politicians, leave slavery alive. But I am as sure as I can be of anything, that, a hundred years hence, history, looking back on our era, will record that slavery received its death-blow from this rebellion undertaken in its behalf; and if, by any means, our struggle ends in a division of the Union, still every day the war lasts strikes off a year from the possible duration of slavery under any government formed at the South.

Yours, WENDELL PHILLIPS.

July 21st, 1863.

THE FIFTY-FOURTH MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT.

From The Boston Transcript.

LETTER FROM EDWARD L. PIERCE, ESQ., TO GOV. ANDREW.

BEAUFORT, July 22, 1863.

MY DEAR SIR: You will probably receive an official report of the losses in the 54th Massachusetts by the mail which leaves to-morrow, but perhaps a word from me may not be unwelcome. I saw the officers and men on James's Island on the 13th inst., and on Saturday last saw them at Brig.-Gen. Strong's tent, as they passed on a little before 7 in the evening to Fort Wagner, which is some two miles beyond. I had been the guest of Gen. Strong, who commanded the advance, since Tuesday. Col. Shaw had become attached to Gen. Strong at St. Helena, where he was under him, and the regard was mutual.

When the troops left St. Helena they were separated, the 54th going to James's Island. While it was there, Gen. S. received a letter from Col. Shaw, in which the desire was expressed for the transfer of the 54th to Gen. S.'s brigade. So when the troops were brought away from James's Island Gen. S. took this regiment into his command. It left James's Island on Thursday, July 16, at 9 a.m., and marched to Cole's Island, which they reached at 4 o'clock on Friday morning, marching all night, most of the way in single file, over swampy and muddy ground. There they remained during the day, with hard tack and coffee for their fare, and this only what was left in their haversacks, not a regular ration.

From 11 o'clock of Friday evening until 4 o'clock of Saturday, they were being put on the transport, the Gen. Hunter, in a boat, which took about fifty at a time. There they breakfasted on the same fare, and had no other food before entering into the assault on Fort Wagner in the evening.

The Gen. Hunter left Cole's Island for Folly Island at 6 a.m., and the troops landed at Pawnee landing about 9½ a.m., and thence marched to the point opposite Morris Island, reaching there about 2 o'clock in the afternoon. They were transported in a steamer across the inlet, and at 4 p.m. began their march for Fort Wagner. They reached Brig.-Gen. Strong's quarters, about midway on the Island, about 6 or 6½ o'clock, where they halted for five minutes. I saw them there, and they looked worn and weary.

Gen. Strong expressed a great desire to give them food and stimulants, but it was too late, as they had to lead the charge. They had been without tents during the pelting rains of Thursday and Friday nights. Gen. Strong had been impressed with the high character of the regiment and its officers, and he wished to assign them the post where the most severe work was to be done, and the highest honor was to be won. I had been his guest for some days, and knew how he regarded them. The march across Folly and Morris Islands was over a very sandy road, and was very wearisome. The regiment went through the centre of the island, and not along the beach, where the marching was easier.

When they had come within 600 yards of Fort Wagner they formed in line of battle, the Colonel heading the first, and the Major the second battalion. This was within musket shot of the enemy. There was little firing from the enemy, a solid shot falling between the battalions, and another falling to the right, but no musketry. At this point the regiment, together with the next supporting regiment, the 6th Connecticut, 9th Maine, and others, remained half an hour. The regiment was addressed by Gen. Strong and by Col. Shaw. Then at 7½ or 7¾ o'clock the order for the charge was given. The regiment advanced at quick time, changed to double quick when at some distance on.

The intervening distance between the place where the line was formed and the fort was run over in a few minutes. When within one or two hundred yards of the fort, a terrific fire of grape and musketry was poured upon them along the entire line, and with deadly results. It tore the ranks to pieces, and disconcerted some. They rallied again, went through the ditch, in which was some three feet of water, and then up the parapet. They raised the flag on the parapet, where it remained a few minutes. Here they melted away before the enemy's fire, their bodies falling down the slope, and into the ditch. Others will give a more detailed and accurate account of what occured during the rest of the conflict.

Col. Shaw reached the parapet, leading his men, and was probably killed. Adjutant Jones saw him fall. Private Thomas Burgess, of Company I, told me that he was close to Col. Shaw; that he waved his sword, and cried out, "Onward, boys," and, as he did so, fell. Burgess fell, wounded, at the same time. In a minute or two, as he rose to crawl away, he tried to pull Col. Shaw along, taking hold of his feet, which were near his own head, but there appeared to be no life in him. There is a report, however, that Col. Shaw is wounded, and a prisoner, and that it was so stated to the officers who bore a flag of truce from us; but I cannot find it well authenticated. It is most likely that this noble youth has given his life to his country and to mankind. Brig.-Gen. Strong (himself a kindred spirit) said of him to-day in a message to his parents: "I had but little opportunity to be with him, but I already loved him. No man ever went more gallantly into battle. None knew him but to love him."

I parted with Col. Shaw between six and seven on Saturday evening, as he rode forward to his regiment, and he gave me the private letters and papers he had with him, to be delivered to his father. Of the other officers, Major Hallowell is severely wounded in the groin; Adjutant James has a wound from a rifle ball in his ankle, and a flesh wound in his side from a glancing ball or piece of shell. Capt. Pope has had a musket ball extracted from his shoulder. Capt. Appleton is wounded in the thumb, and also has a contusion on his right breast from a hand-grenade, which, however, is not severe. Capt. Willard has a wound in the leg, and is doing well. Capt. Jones was wounded in the right shoulder; the ball went through, and he is doing well. Lieut. Homans was wounded by a ball from a smooth-bore musket entering the left side, which has been extracted from the back; he is doing well.

The above-named officers are at Beaufort, all but the last arriving there on Sunday evening, whither they were taken from Folly Island in the Alice Price, and thence to Beaufort in the Cosmopolitan, which is specially fitted up for hospital service, and provided with skilful surgeons, under the direction of Dr. Montague. They are now tenderly cared for, with an adequate corps of surgeons and nurses, and provided with a plentiful supply of ice, beef, and chicken broth and stimulants. Lieut. Smith was left at the hospital tent on Morris Island, being too severely wounded to be brought away. Capt. Emelio and Lieuts. Grace, Appleton, Johnston, and Reed were not wounded, and are doing duty.

Lieuts. Jewett and Tucker were slightly wounded, and are doing duty also. Lieuts. Howard and Pratt are also missing. As to Dexter I have no information. The Quartermaster and Surgeon are safe, and are with the regiment.

Dr. Stone remained on the Alice Price during Saturday night, caring for the wounded until she left Morris Island, and then returned to look after those who were left behind.

The Assistant Surgeon was at the camp on St. Helena Island, attending to duty there. Lieut. Littlefield was also in charge of the camp at St. Helena. Capt. Bridge and Lieut. Nalton are sick, and were at Beaufort or vicinity. Capt. Partridge has returned from the North, but not in time to participate in the action.

Of the privates and non-commissioned officers I send you a list of 144 who are now in the Beaufort hospitals. A few others died on the boats or since their arrival here. There may be others at the Hilton Head hospital; and others are doubtless on Morris Island; but I have no names or statistics relative to them. Those in Beaufort are well attended to, just as well as the white soldiers, the attentions of the surgeons and nurses being supplemented by those of the colored people here, who have shown a great interest in them. The men of the regiment are very patient, and where their condition at all permits them, are cheerful. They expressed their readiness to meet the enemy again, and they keep asking if Wagner is yet taken.

Could any one from the North see these brave fellows as they lie here, his prejudice against them, if he had any, would all pass away. They grieve greatly at the loss of Col. Shaw, who seems to have acquired a strong hold on their affections.

They are attached to their other officers, and admire Gen. Strong, whose courage was so conspicuous to all. I asked Gen. Strong if he had any testimony in relation to the regiment to be communicated to you. These are his precise words, and I give them to you as I noted them at the time.

"The 54th did well, and nobly, only the fall of Col. Shaw prevented them from entering the fort. They moved up as gallantly as any troops could, and with their enthusiasm they deserved a better fate."

The regiment could not have been under a better officer than Gen. Strong. He is one of the bravest and most genuine men. His soldiers loved him like a brother, and go where you would through the camps, you would hear them speak of him with enthusiasm and affection. His wound is severe, and there are some apprehensions as to his being able to recover from it. Since I found him at the hospital tent on Morris Island about 9½ o'clock on Saturday, I have been all the time attending to him or the officers of the 54th, both on the boats and here.

Nobler spirits it has never been my fortune to be with. Gen. Strong, as he lay on the stretcher in the tent, was grieving all the while for the poor fellows who lay uncared for on the battle-field, and the officers of the 54th have had nothing to say of their own misfortunes, but have mourned constantly for the hero who led them in the charge from which he did not return. I remember well the beautiful day when the flags were presented at Readville, and you told the regiment that your reputation was to be identified with its fame. It was a day of festivity and cheer. I walk now in these hospitals, and see mutilated forms with every variety of wound, and it seems all a dream. But well has the regiment sustained the hope which you indulged, and justified the identity of

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1863.

tetween Gen. Gilmore and the rebel commander, which was both in open disregard of the notification given by our general Commissioner of Exchange, by authority of the government, and was a heartless desertion of those not exchanged to the savage mercies of rebel hatred. The rebels announce that none of the negro regiment will be given up, and unofficial reports say that the negroes have been sold into slavery, and the white officers treated with unmeasured abuse. Other officers, who have been exchanged, certify that the first question asked them was whether they commanded negro troops, and when they answered No, were told it was fortunate for them, for that "every damned nigger officer would be hung or shot at sight."

For this condition of affairs the Administration is responsible. They have been urged again and again since the issue of Davis's proclamation; urged in these columns and by journals all over the country, besought by individuals, and in reference to this very regiment, specially entreated by the Governor of Massachusetts and numerous citizens of that State, to take such action as should surround the negro troops and their officers with the ordinary safeguards of war. Representations, exhibitions of ghastly facts, appeals, entreaties, prayers, have been of no avail, and to-day we have to deplore again the massacre of the wounded black soldiers and their officers, who bravely fought for the Republic, but whom the government neglects to protect.

The proclamation of Jefferson Davis was issued last December—almost a year ago. It denounced slavery or death to all negroes taken in arms under the national flag, and death to the officers commanding them. Look once more at the list of outrages by which that proclamation has been followed.

At Galveston, Texas, the free black servants of white officers—free citizens of Massachusetts living in Roxbury and Dedham, Norfolk County—were sold into slavery immediately upon the surrender of the national forces. The banner of the Republic under which they served gave them no shadow of protection.

Near Murfreesboro, twenty black teamsters in the employ of the government were captured by the rebels, tied to the nearest tree, flogged and shot.

Near Lake Providence, Louisiana, a large number of negroes, also taken from government employ, were captured, and either sold into slavery or shot.

At Port Hudson, negro pickets who were taken by the rebels were instantly hanged, in plain sight of the national camps. The negroes who led the assault on the rebel works were none of them taken prisoners, but all bayoneted after they were wounded or had surrendered.

At Vicksburg no negroes were found inside the works when the place surrendered. All those captured had been shot.

At Milliken's Bend, in the desperate fight which a portion of a negro regiment sustained against a heavily superior rebel force, every prisoner and wounded negro was instantly shot, bayoneted, or hanged—the officers sharing their fate.

In a word, the threat of Jefferson Davis's proclamation, issued last December, has been executed in every instance in which the rebels have fought against negro troops, or in which they have been able to kidnap free blacks—soldiers, or otherwise. For almost a year they have flogged, sold into slavery, shot, bayoneted, hanged, and burned the black soldiers whom the government calls into its service, who fight under the national flag for the defence of the imperilled republic, but who are neither protected nor avenged by the government. There has been no declaration of a purpose to protect them. There has been in no single instance retaliation for the wrongs they have suffered.

It seems idle to review the arguments by which we have so often urged upon the government to announce a policy and to act on it. It is contended that the publication of the Lieber code was a sufficient announcement. We answer that since that code was published many of the worst outrages have been perpetrated, and no retaliation has followed. If the code was not meant to be the policy of the government, why was it published? The truth is, it never was such a formal and solemn proclamation as both the rebel authorities and our own generals were compelled to notice and act upon. The section referring to this subject was lost amid a hundred others, and has had no practical effect.

Had the President but issued his proclamation declaring that all soldiers under the flag have the same rights, and that any violation of them would be followed by merciless retaliation; and had he *acted* on that announcement, these horrors would long since have come to an end. As matters now stand, we know not when to hope the government will do its duty. If the President will not heed our appeal, nor that of the country which is shocked by these outrages and amazed at their permitted continuance, we implore him to turn his eyes to Charleston; to recall the terrible conflict in which the negro soldiers of the Massachusetts 54th fearlessly stormed and carried the parapet of the fort, to remember their splendid courage, and their devotion to the cause of a country which has never yet recognized their rights as citizens, nor protected them as soldiers; to listen to the despairing cries of the captured negroes borne away into slavery; to gaze on the graves of the wounded and prisoners who were slaughtered; to remember the desolated homes of their officers, now threatened with death, or who have already been murdered—and mercifully to do justice to his soldiers, to avenge the dead and protect the living, and, so far as it can now be done, to retrieve the nation's honor.

From the Port Royal Free South, Aug. 1.

In accordance with arrangements previously made for a mutual exchange of wounded prisoners, to be paroled for regular exchange, 39 of the rebel wounded in our hands were placed on the Cosmopolitan, of which Surgeon R B. Bonticou has charge, and with them Surgeon John J. Craven, Chief Medical officer, started for Charleston harbor at 2 o'clock on Friday morning. They arrived off the bar about 8 o'clock At 10 o'clock they went over the bar and into the harbor, having taken on Lieut.-Col. Hall, Provost-Marshal-General on Gen. Gillmore's staff at Morris Island, his duty being to superintend the paroling of prisoners, in behalf of the General commanding. The Cosmopolitan was met outside Fort Sumter, near Battery Wagner, by the rebel steamer Alice. The Alice came to anchor, and the Cosmopolitan steamed alongside. A plank was thrown across, and Dr. Craven announced officially the object of the visit. Col. Elward C. Anderson, of the Confederate Artillery, responded courteously, and the exchange took place immediately. While the exchange was being made, Lieut.-Col. Hall remarked to Col. Anderson that he noticed no colored wounded on board. "No," said the Colonel, "there are none." "Why is that?" inquired Col. Hall. "That is a matter," responded the Colonel, "for after consideration." "Did you not regard the agreement made for the exchange of all wounded prisoners as applying to the colored soldiers?" asked Col. Hall. Col. Anderson responded negatively. "I did," remarked Col. Hall. "and I insist that there was no exception made in the agreement."

In the meantime, however, one of the rebel wounded had objected to being given up, saying he preferred to remain with us. Some one erased his name from the official list. Col. Anderson insisted on the man being delivered up, but Col. Hall positively declined, although the rebel Colonel insisted he was an enlisted man, and subject to the agreement for exchange. Col. Hall replied that our colored troops were enlisted men, under the protection of our flag, entitled to be delivered up by the terms of agreement. Col. Anderson asked him to put his objections in regard to the non-delivery of colored troops in writing. Col. Hall said he had no objections, and requested Col. Anderson to put in writing his claim in regard to the wounded rebel. The latter declining, Col. Hall refused to put his objections in writing, and so the matter was dropped by both parties.

[That the rebels took a number of colored prisoners is evident not only from the implied admission of Col. Anderson as mentioned above, but from the following statements of the correspondent of the Charleston *Courier* in his report of the battle.]

Of white prisoners we have taken six commissioned officers and ninety-four privates. Of blacks it is said we have over twenty, of whom several are severely wounded. A wounded negro is to be put into every ward of the white Yankees. The latter kicked at the base alliance, but the surgeons have plainly told them that if they put themselves on a par with the negroes as soldiers, the same relation must be maintained under all circumstances while they are in our hands. Public opinion will render the verdict, "Served them right." One of the negroes is a remarkably sprightly fellow from Bermuda, where he was educated as a soldier. His position is that of an Orderly Sergeant..

THE WRONG BURR.—A few months ago a disloyal newspaper called *The Old Guard*, was started in this city by C. C. Burr & Co. The office was on the same floor with that of Burr and Lord, Phonographers. The consequence was that strangers frequently mistook the office of the latter for the former, more especially as they saw the sign Burr and Lord in plain sight, and none of Burr & Co. until they turned a dark corner. The annoyance was incessant, and Burr and Lord being both loyal men, and disliking to give aid and comfort to the enemy by giving him information, various spicy answers were made to inquiries; as for instance, when a stranger asked: "Is Mr. Burr in?" Mr. Burr being present, replied, "Which Burr? Wooly-head or Copperhead?" And sometimes this elucidation was added: "You see my name is W. H. (Wooly-head) and the other man's is C. C. (Copper-cap)"; but generally no further information was given. At another time, when only Mr. Lord was present, the following dialogue occurred:

"Is Burr in?"
"Which Burr?"
"C. C. Burr."
"No."
"Isn't this Burr and Lord?"
"Yes, but it's Burr and the—'*other fellow*'—you're after."

We are informed that Burr & Co. have since left, and that the only indication where they have gone to, is a card on the door, put on evidently by some wag, as follows: "*The Old Guard*, Gone down. Inquire below."—*Herald of Progress.*

THE TRIAL BY FIRE!

THE test has been applied again, and it has been stood gloriously. If there had been any doubt remaining as to the soldierly qualities of the black troops the country has at length called to her defence, after the first fruits of Port Hudson, it has been set at rest forever by the gallant storming party of Fort Wagner. We will not consider whether it was well and wisely done to put men so recently in arms and so peculiarly detested by the enemy in that post of greatest danger. We will not inquire whether it were done in the hope that they might fail, and so bring discredit on the experiment; or whether it was thought that black bodies were good enough to fill the ditch with, over which their white fellow-soldiers might march triumphantly into the stronghold. We know that it is the opinion of experienced military men that, had the supports under the command of Gen. Stevenson come up, they would have had nothing to do but to enter in and take possession. Why they did not, is a question which the country will insist upon having answered. It is the misfortune of that officer that the apprehension in the general mind will be that he was still of the opinion which occasioned his arrest, but did not hinder his promotion, that it were better to be beaten than to succeed by the help of the blacks. We trust that he may be relieved from the infamy of such a horrible consistency. It is his calamity that he will have to prove a negative or rest under this dreadful imputation. It may be that the disabling of Gen. Strong prevented the orders to advance being sent to Gen. Stevenson, and it may be that it was irregular to secure the purpose of the attack without them. We are not versed enough in the mysteries of red-tape and shoulder-straps to decide the point. But whatever the point may be on which that failure turned, it should be made known, and that speedily, for the satisfaction of the public mind and the placing of the responsibility wherever it belongs.

We will put aside all these inquiries, and accept the fact that the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts regiment was chosen as the forlorn-hope of the attempt to storm Fort Wagner. The post of danger and of honor was given to the black men, and it was nobly and heroically maintained as long as it was physically possible to do so. The courage of the black man, his capacity for discipline, his coolness in the face of the most murderous onslaught, and in the presence of death and wounds, are now placed beyond all contradiction or cavil. In every instance in which they have come under fire, here at Wagner, in the fight a few days before on Morris Island, at Port Hudson, and in the expeditions under Cols. Higginson and Montgomery, in every instance have the black troops shown every quality of dash when it was needed, of patience when that was required, of coolness in danger, of subordination to their officers, which go to make up the best veteran troops. And this they have done in the face of greater and more terrible dangers than any of their white fellow-soldiers had to look for. Death on the field of battle, murder in cold blood if wounded, were a fate to be desired, if they chanced to fall into the enemy's hands, compared with the living death of slavery to which they were liable to be doomed—to which, we may say, and say it to the disgrace of our military authorities, they were certain of being condemned. And yet this worst of dangers has not deterred these brave and devoted men from taking up arms, and from using them like brave men, in defence of a country that has done them little but wrong in the past, and has neglected to take effectual precautions against the worst and peculiar danger which it knew impended over them in the present. We do not believe that the history of the world affords such another instance. The case of these regiments, recruited at the North, is more marked by ennobling qualities than that of those recruited from the plantations. These men were already free, all of them able to support themselves, and exchanging a better condition for a worse when they enlisted in the army. The slaves improve their condition by becoming soldiers, and are fighting for the freedom of themselves and their posterity. These brave men have taken up arms and assumed with them all the perils of the field and the auction-block, for the freedom of their race and the greatness of their country. It is a noble and lofty record that they will leave on the pages of our history.

With the dust of such men, the gallant and generous youth who fell at their head would have deemed it well that his own should mingle, had he foreseen what was to come to pass. What his brutal enemies meant as an indignity, he would have looked upon as a fitting disposition of his ashes. Possessing every advantage of fortune and social condition, blest with every virtue that can grace pure and ingenuous youth, adorned by every accomplishment of education and every charm of person and of manner, bound by every tie of affection that can hold a human heart closest to earth, he left it all and cast in his lot with the lowliest and most despised of his countrymen, in life and in death, that he might deliver them and his country. He sleeps well where he lies. There is the spot where the monument which Gen. Saxton well suggests the freedmen of the South should raise to his memory should rear its column, whenever victory shall have given peace and freedom to that long accursed soil.

"There, fallen to save his injured land,
Imperial Honor's awful hand
Shall point his lowly bed!"

Of all the glorious company of brave and devoted spirits which have ascended as free-will offerings from the altar of the country since this war began, we think there are few whose names will be more distinctly borne in upon men's minds than that of Col. Shaw. It is not that many have not been as faithful to duty and died as bravely as he, and been as deeply mourned; but he has had the fortune to have his name associated with the new era in the history of the country when the black race was called in to the help and the deliverance of the nation. If the nation can be saved, as we may now hope it is to be, it will be by the assistance of the race which owes us no gratitude, and to which the first favor we have granted is the privilege of fighting and dying in our behalf. This great epoch in our history Col. Shaw has baptized with his heart's blood, and with it his name will be inseparably and forever connected.

The conduct of the government towards these men, whom it has been forced to ask for their help, has been marked by the dilatoriness and want of energy and spirit which has characterized but too much of its action, or inaction, during this conflict. Knowing, as they must have known, the spirit of resentment with which this measure would be received by the rebels, and though constantly entreated thereunto, no anticipatory steps were taken to prevent the cruelties sure to follow any disaster or fortune of war which should put our black soldiers into their power. Already two Massachusetts lads, great-grandchildren of an aged woman, still receiving a pension for her husband's services in the Revolutionary War, had been sold into slavery in Texas, in consequence of the blunder at Galveston. Other cases have undoubtedly been brought to the notice of the government, and no retaliation exercised or threatened. And now, after a number of free men, we know not how great, in our uniform and with our arms in their hands, have met with the same fate, we have an order issued directing in future an equal number of rebel soldiers to be put to hard labor on the public works until our black soldiers have received the treatment of prisoners of war! As if that were any protection or guarantee against such outrages! The denunciation of death, only, and that carried inexorably into effect, and on the persons of officers and not of privates, and only that, would be sufficient to secure to our black soldiers their rights as such. It is an infamy to our Administration, and one that would be justly punished by utter defeat, this crime of inviting men to fight for it, and then suffering them to run the risk, not only of death and mutilation, but of a slavery worse than all that death and wounds can inflict. If this wrong be not speedily and thoroughly righted, we shall deserve only defeat, and, if there be justice in Heaven, we shall have nothing else. We trust that the future will be free from this disgrace; but this will be small satisfaction to the present victims of governmental sloth or cowardice. The policy, too, has been carried out in a singularly slow and slovenly manner, considering how the government was pledged to it, and how vital its success is to our success. Last Winter the President assured persons at Washington that at this time he would have two hundred thousand black troops to take the place of the white soldiers whose time would be up. And yet he has less than a quarter part of this moderate force on foot. We trust that the good conduct of the black regiments, now placed beyond a doubt by repeated experiences, will stimulate the energies of the civil authorities, as it must encourage those of the military ones. Three hundred thousand men may be in arms at the South, and thus educated for freedom, by being taught to defend it, in a very brief time. This will presuppose confidence in the will and the power of the United States to protect them in their rights as soldiers in war and as citizens in peace. If this be done, we are sure of success. If it be neglected, we shall not deserve it.

PERSONAL.

MR. A. T. Stewart, the merchant millionaire, has contributed $5,000 to the fund for the relief of the soldiers, policemen and firemen who were wounded in the late riot, and of the families of those who were killed.

Two volumes of the collected works of Theodore Parker, edited by Miss Frances Power Cobbe, have appeared in London, and the third and fourth are in press.

The Boston *Traveller* of Saturday says: "We understand that Mrs. Lincoln, wife of the President, took passage from this city this morning in the cars of the Boston and Maine Railroad, accompanied by a member of her family, for Dover, N. H., from which place she proceeds to the White Mountains, where she expects to be joined by the President, who will spend a few days in gaining health and strength on the hills of the Granite State."

A great memorial stone has been placed upon the grave of Rev. E. P. Lovejoy, in the Alton City Cemetery. It consists of a Quincy granite plinth, two by two and a half feet square and one foot in thickness, surmounted by a scroll of Italian marble, very tastefully cut, bearing this inscription:

Hic jacet
LOVEJOY,
Jam pace sepulto.

The Springfield *Republican* says: "Miss Dickinson, the Philadelphia oratress, after a few addresses in Connecticut, has gone to the White Mountains for a month's rest and recuperation. In September and October she is engaged to speak for the Union cause in Pennsylvania, Ohio and New York, with reference to their Fall elections, and late in the Autumn and in the Winter she will probably make a lecturing tour through New England. There is much demand for her addresses and lectures everywhere, and for special occasions of this sort she receives $100—the same fee that Beecher receives for his lectures, and the highest price known in the American market for such commodities. So women can have their 'rights' if they can get them."

The new building for the use of the Washington (D. C.) *Chronicle* was publicly opened on Monday. The President, Secretaries Seward, Welles and Usher, Adj.-Gen. Thomas, Gens. Heintzelman and Martindale, and other noted gentlemen, were present. Col. Forney announced that himself and paper were pledged to the support of the government and the overthrow of slavery. Adj.-Gen. Thomas, in the course of his remarks giving an account of his labors in the West, said he was soon to leave again for the Mississippi to organize 50,000 colored troops; that he should not stop at that number, as he believed 100,000 blacks could be raised for the protection of commerce on the Mississippi.

James Haggerty, an Abolitionist of Irish birth, and a young man of talent and energy, enlisted as a private, a year and a half ago, in a regiment then forming in Cayuga and Wayne Counties, N. Y. He was promoted from time to time, till he reached the position of Adjutant. He has now resigned his commission for the express purpose of taking such a place as he may be thought qualified to fill in some colored regiment. He will speedily offer himself to the Board of Examination for officers of colored troops, by which, we have no doubt, he will be assigned to a post worthy of his ability. Some of our readers will remember seeing and hearing Mr. Haggerty at the Albany Anti-Slavery Convention in February, 1862. The fact that an Irishman is willing to resign a post won by his valor, for the purpose of seeking a place in a colored regiment, is one of such rare occurrence that we have thought it worthy of particular notice.

The Cincinnati *Enquirer* tells the following: "There is a quaint old negro to be seen every day in the City Building Park, who is known and called James Morgan. He acts as a sort of Cerberus of the gates, or kind of Major Domo of the grounds, sprinkling water upon the grass when needed, and clearing away the dirt that daily accumulates in the paths. Well, James was originally a slave to the father of Morgan, the rebel chief, but some years ago he contrived to make his escape, and found his way to this city, where he has lived ever since. Hearing that his young master—the notorious Morgan—was in the city prison, he made application to the Chief of Police to see him, and was admitted. The General treated him warmly, shook hands with him, and congratulated him upon his having his freedom. 'Yes, Massa John,' broke in Jim, 'you mout hab yourn too, if you hadn't gwine in to broke up de Union; but you is in a tight place now, Massa John; you is in a tight place now!' 'Good by, Massa John!' and Jim swung away at his usual limping gait."

Among the wounded who arrived here from South Carolina last week was Lieut.-Col. E. N. Hallowell, of the 54th Massachusetts. The reporter of *The Tribune*, who saw him after his arrival, says:

"Lieut.-Col. Hallowell was on the parapet at Fort Wagner at the time he received his first serious wound. He fell into the ditch, and while scrambling out of it he was wounded again. He crept along the beach under a shower of iron and fire, until he was picked up by his Surgeon, Dr. Stone, and his Quartermaster, John Ritchie. He was then taken to Beaufort. This gallant young officer, though suffering from his severe wounds, was calm as a Summer morning. His father, a tall, noble-looking man, in Quaker costume, was by his side, attending to his wants with parental solicitude. Lieut.-Col. Hallowell says he shook hands with Col. Shaw when near the Fort, and wished him success. Saw him again just as he was about to climb the parapet. He says he has been in many engagements, but he never saw a better display of courage and dash, and all the qualities that constitute a true soldier, than the colored troops exhibited at the time of their charge on Fort Wagner. Col. Hallowell is a member of the Society of Friends, and a resident of the city of Philadelphia. The report that he gave up his sword has no foundation in fact. We saw the trusty weapon lying behind his pillow, and it showed signs of having rendered good service."

KENTUCKY.—The election in this State, in spite of the fears of loyal men, has resulted in the triumph of the party denounced by the Secession and Copperhead press as "Black Republican" and friendly to the "Lincoln despotism." Brutus J. Clay and Gen. Green Clay Smith, who are known to be friendly to the President's policy of emancipation, are among the Representatives elected to Congress.

THE EDITOR OF *The Liberator* has our thanks for a proof-slip of the report—prepared for that paper—of the proceedings at Abington on the late anniversary of W. I. Emancipation. It came too late, however, to be of service to us this week. The letter of our Boston correspondent contains the spirit of the report.

COLONEL ROBERT GOULD SHAW.

WHEN John Brown was led out of the Charlestown jail, on his way to execution, he paused a moment, it will be remembered, in the passage-way, and taking a little colored child in his arms, he kissed and blessed it. The dying blessing of the martyr will descend from generation to generation, and a whole race will cherish for ages the memory of that simple caress, which, degrading as it seemed to the slaveholders around him, was as sublime and as touching a lesson, and as sure to do its work in the world's history, as that of him who said—"Suffer little children to come unto me."

When inquiry was made at Fort Wagner, under flag of truce, for the body of Col. Shaw of the Massachusetts 54th, the answer was: "We have buried him with his niggers!" It is the custom of savages to outrage the dead, and it was only natural that the natives of South Carolina should attempt to heap insult upon the remains of the brave young soldier. But that wide grave on Morris Island will be to a whole race a holy sepulchre. No more fitting burial-place, no grander obsequies could have been given to him who cried, as he led that splendid charge, "On! my brave boys!" than to give to him and to them one common grave. As they clustered around him in the fight; as they rallied always to the clear ring of his loved voice; as they would have laid down their lives, each and all of them, to save his; as they honored and reverenced him, and lavished on him all the strong affections of a warm-hearted and impulsive people; so when the fight was over, and he was found with the faithful dead piled up like a bulwark around him, the poor savages did the only one fitting thing to be done when they buried them together. Neither death nor the grave have divided the young martyr and hero from the race for which he died, and a whole people will remember in the coming centuries, when its new part is to be played in the world's history, that "he was buried with his niggers."

Only those who knew Col. Shaw can understand how fitting it seems, when the purpose of outrage is put aside and forgotten, that he should have been laid in a common grave with his black soldiers. The relations between colored troops and their officers—if these are good for anything and fit for their places—must need be, from the circumstances of the case, very close and peculiar. They were especially so with Col. Shaw and his regiment. His was one of those natures which attracts first through the affections. Most gentle tempered, genial as a warm Winter's sun, sympathetic, full of kindliness, unselfish, unobtrusive, and gifted with a manly beauty and a noble bearing, he was sure to win the love, in a very marked degree, of men of a race peculiarly susceptible to influence from such traits of character as these. First, they loved him with a devotion which could hardly exist anywhere else than in the peculiar relation he held to them as commander of the first regiment of free colored men permitted to fling out a military banner in this country—a banner that, so raised, meant to them so much. But then came closer ties; they found that this young man, with education and habits that would naturally lead him to choose a life of ease; with wealth at his command; with peculiarly happy social relations—one most tender one just formed—accepted the position offered him in consideration of his soldierly as well as moral fitness, because he recognized a solemn duty to the black man, because he was ready to throw down all that he had, all that he was, all that this world could give him, for the negro race! Beneath that gentle and courtly bearing which so won upon the colored people of Boston when the 54th was in camp; beneath that kindly but unswerving discipline of the commanding officer; beneath that stern but always cool and cheerful courage of the leader in the fight, was a clear and deep conviction of a duty to the blacks. He hoped to lead them, as one of the roads to social equality, to fight their way to true freedom, and herein he saw his path of duty. Of the battle, two days before that in which he fell, and in which his regiment, by their bravery, won the right to lead the attack on Fort Wagner, he said—"I wanted my men to fight by the side of whites, and they have done it"; thinking of others, not of himself, thinking of that great struggle for equality in which the race had now a chance to gain a step forward, and to which he was ready to devote his life. Could it have been for him to choose his last resting-place, he would, no doubt, have said—"Bury me with my men, if I earn that distinction."

And here is the ripe fruit of good seed long and carefully planted. Col. Shaw was blessed with parents who have held as stewards all the gifts, possessions, and privileges, wherewith they have been bountifully endowed, using them that the world might be happier and better that they had lived in it. From the beginning of the anti-slavery cause their lives have been a witness against the gigantic crime of this country and age, and when the war came to develop the character of this their only son, lo! they had nurtured a hero and a martyr! Bereaved and sorely smitten! Nevertheless, it is not without a purpose that God has so crowned the lives of parents and of son. G.

The following address of the Military Governor of South Carolina to the people of color in the Department of the South pays a fit tribute to the memory of the lamented Col. Shaw:

"BEAUFORT, S. C., July 27, 1863.

"*To the Colored Soldiers and Freedmen in this Department:*

"It is fitting that you should pay a last tribute of respect to the memory of the late Col. Robert Gould Shaw, Colonel of the 54th Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers. He commanded the first regiment of colored soldiers from a free State ever mustered into the U. S. service.

"He fell at the head of his regiment, while leading a storming party against a rebel stronghold. You should cherish in your inmost hearts the memory of one who did not hesitate to sacrifice all the attractions of a high social position, wealth and home, and his own noble life, for the sake of humanity—another martyr to your cause that death has added, still another hope for your race. The truths and principles for which he fought and died still live, and will be vindicated. On the spot where he fell, by the ditch into which his mangled and bleeding body was thrown, on the soil of South Carolina, I trust that you will honor yourselves and his glorious memory by appropriating the first proceeds of your labor as free men toward erecting an enduring moment to the hero, soldier, Martyr—Robert Gould Shaw.

"R. SAXTON,
"Brigadier General and Military Governor."

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

TOGETHER.

"We have buried him with his niggers!"—*Rebel reply to the demand for Col. Shaw's body.*

Oh, fair-haired Northern hero!
With thy guard of dusky hue,
Up from the field of battle!
Rise to the last review!

Sweep downward, welcoming angels,
In legions dazzling bright!
Bear up these souls together,
Before Christ's throne of light.

The Master, who remembers
The cross, the thorns, the spear,
Smiles on these risen freedmen,
As their ransomed souls appear.

And thou, young, generous spirit,
What shall thy greeting be?
"Thou hast aided the down-trodden;
Thou hast done it unto me."

THE CONTINENTAL MONTHLY for August contains its usual variety of interesting articles, of which the most prominent is one by Robert J. Walker, written from London, on "Jefferson Davis and Repudiation." Mr. Walker fixes on Davis the stigma of Mississippi repudiation, in an elaborate argument supported by abundant facts. In this case, the accuser speaks of matters about which he is necessarily familiar. He closes with the remark: "As Jefferson Davis is now at the head of a slaveholding conspiracy, endeavoring to destroy the government of my country, and is now also engaged in selling worthless Confederate bonds in this market, I have deemed it my duty to make this publication." The following is the table of contents:—1. Our Future, by Lieut. Egbert Phelps, U. S. A; 2. Autumn Leaves, by Mrs. M. W. Cook; 3. Across Maine in Mid-Winter; 4. Diary of Frances Kraisenska; 5. The Sleeping Peri; 6. My Lost Darling; 7. Reason, Rhyme, and Rhythm, compiled and written by Mrs. M. W. Cook; 8. The Buccaneers of America, by W. L. Stone; 9. Under the Palmetto, by H. G. Spaulding; 10. The Spirit's Reproach, by Mrs. M. W. Cook; 11. Jefferson Davis and Repudiation, a Letter from Hon. Robert J. Walker; 12. Evergreen Beauty, by Major Samuel H. Hurst; 13. Dying in the Hospital, by Mary E. Nealy, Louisville, Ky. Literary Notices. Editor's Table.

A STEP IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION AT LAST.

COLORED TROOPS TO BE PROTECTED.

WAR DEPARTMENT, ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C., July 31, 1863.

GENERAL ORDER No. 252.—The following Order of the President is published for the information and government of all concerned:

"EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, July 30, 1863.

"It is the duty of every government to give protection to its citizens, of whatever class, color or condition, and especially to those who are duly organized as soldiers in the public service. The law of nations and the usages and customs of war, as carried on by civilized powers, permit no distinction as to color in the treatment of prisoners of war as public enemies. To sell or enslave any captured person on account of his color, and for no offence against the laws of war, is a relapse into barbarism, and a crime against the civilization of the age.

"The government of the United States will give the same protection to all its soldiers, and if the enemy shall sell or enslave any one because of his color, the offence shall be punished by retaliation upon the enemy's prisoners in our possession. It is therefore ordered that for every soldier of the United States killed in violation of the laws of war a rebel soldier shall be executed, and for every one enslaved by the enemy or sold into slavery a rebel soldier shall be placed at hard labor on the public works, and continued at such labor until the other shall be released, and receive the treatment due to a prisoner of war.

"ABRAHAM LINCOLN."

By order of the Secretary of War,
E. D. TOWNSEND, Assistant Adjt.-General.

This is right as far as it goes, and so good that we are constrained to say, "God bless Abraham Lincoln!" If he is slow of step, he at least moves, not backward, but forward. But in this case, it seems to us, he has not gone far enough to effect his object—the prevention of colored prisoners from being reduced to slavery. By the Hebrew civil law, the sale of a man as a slave—not for life, but for a period terminating with the semi-centennial Jubilee—was deemed a capital crime. "Who so stealeth a man, and selleth him, or if he be found in his hand, he shall surely be put to death." Slavery is a fate so full of horrors that even death is hardly a fair equivalent; and we believe that nothing short of this will be sufficient to deter the rebels from executing their inhuman and barbarous threats.

The terms of this Order, it will be observed, are very broad, involving an unqualified recognition of the citizenship not only of colored soldiers, but of colored men generally. The act, regarded in this light, is one of the very highest importance.

OFFICERS FOR COLORED TROOPS.

OF the 2,500 men who have offered themselves to the Board of Examination in Washington as candidates for appointment as officers of colored regiments, we understand that the great majority are found, upon examination, not to possess the requisite military and moral qualifications. There is, therefore, not a surplus but a deficiency of men qualified to take commissions in such regiments. Doubtless many worthy young men, who would be glad of an opportunity to serve as officers of colored troops, have been deterred from offering themselves by the apprehension that, in consequence of the large number of applicants, they would stand no chance of getting appointments. We have seen a letter from a member of the Examining Board in Washington, from which we are permitted to take this extract:

"The intelligent and well educated young Abolitionists are not doing their duty to the 'Back Brigade.' Instead of offering themselves as officers by scores, as they ought, they leave nearly all the positions in field, staff and line to be filled by chance-comers. Why is this? I trust you will urge them to perform their plain duty. Some of them may plead want of information how to proceed. For their benefit I will give you the necessary directions.

"Any well-educated young man, sound in health and active of body, desirous of becoming an officer, should forward his application in terms something like the following:

To the Adjutant-General of the United States Army.

SIR: I have the honor to apply for authority to appear before the Board appointed to examine applicants for commissions in the United States Colored Troops.

My testimonials to character are enclosed.

Your obedient servant,
JOHN SMITH.

"The applicant should send the best testimonials with this, wait for his permit, and when this is received, appear at Washington before the Board, which holds its sessions at No. 449 Fourteenth street.

"The examination is full enough to enable the Board to form an opinion in regard to the candidate's knowledge of military matters and general intelligence. It is not considered indispensable that he should be thorough in tactics, but only that he should possess the capabilities of becoming a good officer. It is about the same kind of examination customary for candidates for the army and navy."

Some may, perhaps, prefer to make their proposals in the first instance to some member of the Committee in Philadelphia which has charge of the business of enlisting colored troops. Applications addressed to either of the following persons, at the office of the Supervisory Committee, No. 1,210 Chestnut street, will receive prompt attention, viz: N. B. Browne (Chairman), George H. Boker, Cadwallader Biddle, J. M. McKim, George F. Thorn.

THE FREEDMAN'S INQUIRY COMMISSION.

WE cut the following paragraph from the Springfield (Mass.) *Republican*:

THE CONTRABAND COMMISSION.—The Commission appointed last March by the Secretary of War, to investigate into the condition of the slaves freed by the war at all points, and report on the best way of treating them, and those that are coming after them—of making them useful to themselves and to the country—have prepared an elaborate document on the subject. It must be mainly theoretical, for the Commission have really done nothing in the practical line of their duty. Dr. Howe has been at home in Boston all the time, since his appointment; Robert Dale Owen has been in and around Washington, perhaps to Fortress Monroe; and Col. McKaye of New York, the third member, has, in addition, made a flying visit to Port Royal, S. C. Not a third of the field exposed to their observation and examination has been properly visited and inspected by any one member of the Commission; much less by all. But as they are all men of positive, preconceived opinions on the subject of slavery and emancipation, they will probably not be modest in making recommendations. Perhaps they did not care to look at the practical facts of the case, as presented along the war border and in the slave territory; just as Sidney Smith said he never read the books he was going to review, because they prejudiced him so. Wise or foolish, practical or merely philanthropic and theoretical, as their report may be, these gentlemen are justly chargeable with neglect of duty; and their course of conduct will greatly weaken the authority of whatever recommendations they may make.

The Commission at which the above carping criticism is aimed is one whose importance can hardly be overestimated, and must necessarily require much time for the full accomplishment of its purposes. It was appointed to "inquire into the condition of the colored population emancipated by acts of Congress and the proclamations of the President, and into the experiences of communities in like crises; and to consider and report what measures are necessary to give practical effect to these acts and proclamations, so as to place the colored people of the United States in a condition of self-support and self-defence." This opens a wide field, and involves questions, on the proper solution of which hangs, not alone the future of the black race, but, in great measure, that of the country itself. Olympus cannot be crowded into a pint pot; nor can a report upon such momentous topics be dashed off like a leading article or a letter to "Rufus Choate Jones," made up of commonplace and cheap, because popular, morality. The sneers of *The Republican* will have about as much effect upon the Commission, we suppose, as the gibes it flung, last Fall, at a distinguished Senator of Massachusetts, had upon the people of that State; but it would be well for the fault-finding editor to heed the advice of the wise German, and "first be sure of his facts." "Dr. Howe," says *The Republican*, "has been at home in Boston all the time since his appointment." That will be news to his family. On the contrary, Dr. Howe has been away from home most of the time since his appointment, having visited, in company with Mr. Owen, Baltimore, Washington, Fortress Monroe, Norfolk, Portsmouth and Suffolk, in the discharge of the duties of the Commission, and spent considerable time at the headquarters in New York, in taking the depositions of gentlemen from various sections of the country familiar with the different phases of the subject which they are investigating. Col. McKaye has visited Washington and Eastern Virginia, as well as South Carolina; and has not travelled more, for the simple reason, that it is deemed important and necessary that some member of the Commission should be always at headquarters to attend to the business there. But even if the Commissioners had not left the city, it would by no means follow that they "did not care to look at the practical facts of the case," or that their report is based upon theories or "preconceived opinons;" for the report of the French Commission (of which the Duc de Broglie was chief) on the results of Emancipation in the West Indies—the most thorough and exhaustive report ever published upon that subject—was prepared from testimony taken in Paris, covering a period of three years, the Commission never once leaving the city.

The Republican seems to proceed upon the supposition that the report to which it refers is the final report of the Commission; whereas, it is but a preliminary one, and relates only to those parts of the field which have either been personally visited by the Commission, or from which elaborate depositions have been received—the District of Columbia, Eastern Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Florida. This report, however, is not the first which has been submitted to the Secretary of War, the Commission having at various times, either personally or by letter, presented their views to the Secretary in relation to the condition of things in the special fields visited by them. They now propose, we understand, to visit the West and Southwest, and examine into the condition of the freedmen in those sections of the country. They have opened a correspondence with many gentlemen in this country and in foreign lands, interested in this subject, from whom it is expected much valuable information will be obtained; and a gentleman of Philadelphia, who has made the condition and characteristics of the black race a speciality, has placed his large and valuable library at their disposal, that they may have at their command the most authentic and reliable facts, gathered by previous investigators in the same field. We feel confident that when their report is presented to the public it will prove to be an eminently practical one, based on observed facts; and that the Commissioners have not been negligent of their duty, as *The Republican* alleges, but assiduous and faithful in its performance; and we venture to predict that "their course of conduct," when it is fairly understood, will give great weight and value to whatever recommendations they may be called upon to make.

Our Boston Correspondence.

BOSTON, August 2d, 1863.

SINCE the detail of proceedings of our First of August celebration at Abington, can hardly reach you in season for this week's STANDARD, it may be well for me to sketch briefly for you something of the spirit and character of the meeting.

Island Grove at Abington—called Island, I suppose, because it has water on three sides of it—has for many years been the chosen spot at which to celebrate the anniversary of West Indian Emancipation. Beautiful for situation, the joy of Pic-nic-ians for twenty miles around, is this wave-washed grove, the scene of our festival of freedom. At the extremity of the peninsula, seats beneath the trees accommodate a goodly number of listeners to public speaking, while on the landward side, sufficiently remote to cause no disturbance to speaker or hearers, is provision for that fringe of mere pleasure-lovers which always accompanies a country excursion. These find swings, fandangoes, a dancing floor, a bowling-alley, a large variety of eatables and drinkables, and sundry small exhibitions, courting their attention. When dinner time arrives, there are spacious permanent tables for those who choose to spread their provisions thereon; but most prefer the pleasing variety of spreading their dinners on the carpet of dried pine-leaves beneath the trees, and sitting or reclining on mother earth around them. When the hampers of our anti-slavery families are unpacked, it becomes manifest that the Lord hath blessed their basket and their store, and they impart thereof liberally, both to friends and strangers. The hour interposing between the morning and afternoon sessions becomes a season of spiritual as well as bodily refreshment, and old friendships are delightfully revived, and new ones formed.

We had large oportunity for the revival of old associations this year, together with some new features of special interest. For a year past, our old friend, Theodore D. Weld—who stood in the fore-front of the hottest battle with slavery a quarter of a century ago—has found such recovery of his powers of voice as again to be able to speak (under certain limitations) in the cause of freedom. On this occ

same bland demeanor, receive the same acquiescent generalities of promise, and go away feeling just as sure that the President is with *them*—it is only afterwards, I say, when noticing things like these, that the thought comes up—How much were those amenities really worth? How much more do we know than before of the President's good purposes towards freedom? What reason have we to suppose that he will do in the future (having promised them) the things that he can do, but will not do, *now*? If Abraham Lincoln really forms so many good intentions as we hear of, why do so many of them remain unfulfilled? Why, in particular, are the colored soldiers of the country, exposed as they are to peculiar and especial dangers in her service, left without those safeguards which Presidential action alone can interpose?

Our old acquaintance Thomas Sims, twice a fugitive from slavery, and now, thank Heaven, a secure resident in Boston, appeared on the platform and made a brief address. He spoke of his own experience, and of the colored regiments now marching to encounter slave-holding rebels. He thought, and very justly, that these black soldiers should receive from the government equal care and consideration with white ones.

Hon. Henry Wilson, one of the Senators in Congress from this State, was with us, as usual. This gentleman has for years been accustomed to attend all our Anti-Slavery gatherings. He evidently goes to hear, and to learn, but is not unwilling to speak, when requested. He seems to expect criticism, and probably considers it an advantage to be at hand to make explanations in favor of the policy of the government with which he is connected. At the request of the President, he took a seat on the platform, and, being urged by many in the audience, he spoke at moderate length, expressing his own wishes in favor of universal freedom, and representing Mr. Lincoln's policy as tending in that direction. Mr. Wilson always speaks impressively, and his remarks were received with applause.

The last of the notabilities to be mentioned—for I do not propose in this letter to speak at all of those regular abolition speakers who are the accustomed pillars of our meetings—was a lady whose name and aspect were entirely new to me, Mrs. Van Benthuysen, if I remember rightly. She was named as one who brought tidings from the land of secession, and one who had formerly been a visitor in the family of Jefferson Davis. She is a graceful and agreeable-looking person, with great fluency of speech, and a decided talent for oratory. She gave, in a pleasant, free-and-easy manner, an account of her journey to the South as a teacher, years ago, her marriage to a connection of the Davis family, her residence, thereafter, in various parts of Dixie, including the house of Jeff. Davis himself, the facts that had come to her knowledge respecting the existence of a plot to sever the Union for many years past, her experience of the tyrannical treatment applied, at the South, to all who fail to sympathize with that plot, and her knowledge of an intimate relationship and correspondence between the Southern rebels and the Northern copperheads.

Mrs. Van Benthuysen was understood, in closing, to offer her services as a speaker wherever it might be desirable to make public these statements respecting the perfidy which has been a constant element of the Southern rebellion, and the extent and virulence of Northern sympathy with it. She is certainly a very pleasing, and seems capable of becoming a very effective speaker. She states that her husband is still at the South, and is claimed by the rebels as on their side, though she believes him at heart a Union man.

This meeting, like the 4th of July meeting at Framingham, received the kindly volunteered aid of Asa Hutchinson and his tuneful family. Much as the choir has changed, its music retains the same stimulating and inspiring character. The sweet voices and skilful performance of these singers charm, sway and excite the audience as in those old times when we heard—

"Lo! the car Emancipation
Rolls majestic through the nation."

We had, on the whole, a very good day for this gathering. A great parasol of cloud aided the trees to protect us from the sun, and the one sprinkling of rain which occurred came judiciously in the intermission. There was a large assembly, and just that alternation which (I take it) speakers like, of profound attention with animated applause. Let us hope that before next August we may be able to rejoice in a decree abolishing slavery in this country also.

NORTH.

South Carolina Correspondence.

PARIS ISLAND, S. C., July 28th.

WITH about the heaviest heart that ever beat under my ribs, I sit down this morning to my pen. Let me tell why; but let me tell it straightforward.

You know I left you before seven a.m. on the morning of the 23d. It was dead one before the ship sailed, and not another white woman was aboard the boat. Two colored women were returning to the South after a year's exile. We had a great schooner in tow, with great guns for Charleston, which impeded our progress. But night came and went, and day rose and set, and all passed tolerably (though the heat was fearful) until we steamed into Hilton Head harbor, on Monday, about 2 p.m. I had not been sea-sick at all—I alone in that great crowd of men, officers, soldiers and civilians.

We had scarcely entered the bay when a boat crew from a war ship sailed up alongside, and our gay crew and merry passengers were almost turned to stone at the first words that greeted us: "The repulse at Fort Wagner—the horrible slaughter!" There were three or four Colonels on board, hastening with all speed back to their regiments, after a short furlough for recruiting in the North. All had gone home sick, after a year or a year and a half of hard service in this hardest of all climates.

As the stunning news fell upon their ears, they almost staggered under their weight of sorrow and disappointment. I shall honor their manhood more forever for the exhibition of feeling at that awful moment. There was not one that looked as if he would say, "How providential that I was not there." Col. Pond of the 62d, from Morgan County, Ohio, was one of those absent from the fight. His Lieut.-Colonel was wounded, his Captain and Lieutenant killed, his brave boys laid in the ditches by rebel hands. No battle-field could have paled him so, as one after another the names of gallant men fell on our ears. Gen. Putnam, loved by all, dead. Colonels Barton, Cummings, Steele, Rodman, Hallowell, Voorhees, and others, whom I cannot now remember, wounded. Scores of young men that I have known for years, dead.

While we stood looking vacantly in each other's faces our good ship neared the dock. By and by my son came off in a little boat. Greetings over, I asked for Mary. "Mary is at Morris Island—has been there with Miss Barton two weeks, taking care of the wounded as they are brought in." "Bless them," was all I could say for the two brave women *there* under the very guns of the enemy. I went toward the shore in the little boat. Passing the hospital ship, an old familiar face greeted me from the upper deck, calling out, "Come up and see us!" Landed on the dock, we walked to the ship. Oh! war!—war!—war!—above, below, at the right and the left, there they lay, the victims of the Fort Wagner attack and repulse. There they lay in the stifling summer air, looking up from their pallets with pain-dimmed eyes, each carrying to the passer-by, with a glance or a word, the spirit of the man. As I clasped hand after hand of some friend of other days, and heard the cheerful words or the curt philosophy, uttered with a pang, to show how strong a human heart can be; I more than ever realized how terrible is our nation's sacrifice for the sin of the past. One poor fellow from Maine lay moaning with fever—"shot through the lungs," he said feebly. I seized a towel and wet it with ice water, and laid it upon his burning brow, touching softly his hand, and whispering words of cheer. It was too much. "Oh, my mother, my mother," he sobbed out, "will I ever see my mother?"

Going the round, I was introduced to Lieut.-Col. Hallowell, wounded, looking cheerily, and hoping for speedy recovery. I met his mother, brother and sister only a few days since in Pennsylvania. How happy they were about him. He has gone to them with glorious wounds, for he fought by the side of the poor, despised black man. He fought not only to take Charleston, but to redeem the slave.

I left the hospital after an hour's walk among the couches of the wounded and suffering; left thanking God that "while it must needs be that these offences should come," the great heart of the Nation had not forgotten its defenders in this their fearful hour of trial, but was sending off to the cool and invigorating breezes of the North all who could bear it, and to the homes of comfort and love, to be nursed and cherished back into life, if such a thing could be.

I offered my services to return on the ship, but I was told there was no need; so I turned me to my island home. There has been continuous heavy rain till the cotton crop is in danger, but it looks splendidly now. The March corn is hard in the husk, and all the laborers say "three times the crop of last year, missus." Sweet potatoes are plenty, and melons and other luxuries; but the rain and damp threatens everything. Already many of the people are sick, and an epidemic, called by the wise ones "confluent chicken pox," only less repulsive and dangerous than small-pox, is taking down old and young. I have only had time to see a few; but their poor houses and scanty comforts make sickness a fearful thing to them and to us all. Some have had fever—and sad, sad havoc has been made by the physician who has just left, with calomel, quinine, blisters and physics. I met one girl, who came creeping out to greet me, and could hardly raise her hand, because of a great blister as large as a tea-plate between her shoulders.

I have seen this doctor give out many a dose and lotion for these poor creatures; but though I listened earnestly, never once to my ear came a sentence of advice or counsel to cleanse or purify, to avoid or resist disease. When will government awake to the folly, I should rather say criminality, of making post-surgeons of such stupidly ignorant and conceited men?

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THE SLAVE-TRADE.—Rudolph Blumenberg, who was sentenced to the State Prison in 1861, for perjury, in the case of the slave-trading ship Orion, has received a pardon. He was tried three times. On the first two trials the jury disagreed. He was then arraigned a third time by U. S. District-Attorney E. Delafield Smith, who procured a conviction. His pardon was granted at the request of the District-Attorney and Marshal Murray, because of important information given by Blumenberg in aid of their plans to prevent any revival of a traffic which a series of convictions have so thoroughly suppressed.

Chronicles of the War.

Latest News in Brief.

We have from New Orleans news of the recapture of Brashear City. It surrendered to the gunboat Sachem, Captain Johnson, on Tuesday, the 22d ult.

The latest news from South Carolina is to the effect that Gen. Gillmore was making satisfactory progress, and was confident of soon taking Fort Sumter and Charleston.

The rebels have a story that Banks has been defeated at Donaldsonville by Dick Taylor, the latter taking 6,000 prisoners. Our news from New Orleans is to the 25th, and says nothing of any fight.

The cotton used by the rebels on the entrenchments at Vicksburg is to be sold by order of Gen Grant, and its proceeds distributed among the private soldiers as tribute of valor.

We learn through a National scout who has recently visited Tuscumbia, Ala., that nearly half the Alabamians belonging to Bragg's army have deserted, taking their arms with them, and that they are now in the mountains, refusing to go back.

Gen. Gillmore, in an official report to the War Department, just published, puts his aggregate losses in all his operations thus far at 635 killed and wounded, and 350 missing. Many of the wounded, he says, will be able to return to duty in a week or ten days; while the health of the command is improving.

The Fulton (Mo.) *Telegraph* states that a petition is circulating in the south-western part of the State, by Edwin Price, asking the President to permit Sterling Price to return to Missouri. It is said he is penitent and desires to abandon the rebel cause, come home, and spend the remainder of his days in peace. Edwin Price, it will be remembered is a son of the General. He abandoned the rebellion more than a year ago, and has since lived quietly on his farm in Chariton County.

Eighteen rebel officers captured at Gettysburg, and since lodged at Fort McHenry, Baltimore, have been sent to Johnson's Island, in Sandusky Bay, Lake Erie, where they are to be confined, by order of the government, until satisfactory assurances are received that Col. Streight's command, now imprisoned in Georgia, and other Union officers, are properly treated.

A dispatch from Gen. Grant reports that in his operations he has paroled 31,000 men, and sent about 8,000 North as prisoners, making 39,000 captured by him since the first of April. In addition to the 5,000 head of cattle and 500,000 rounds of ammunition captured near Natchez, he has taken over 2,000 mules, of which he has sent 2,000 to Gen. Banks.

THE Richmond papers of the 1st inst. announce that Lee's army was then massed at Culpepper. This coincides with the information obtained by our scouts and through the reconnoissance made by Gen. Buford across the Rappahannock. The belief is entertained to some extent in Washington that Lee's army is again rapidly retreating toward Richmond, and that it will not again halt until it has gained the further bank of the Rapidan River. The impression is that he will try every means in his power to avoid another general engagement with the Army of the Potomac, as his army, discouraged by the great National victories in the Southwest, as well as by its own defeat at Gettysburg, is in no condition to fight, and has no inclination to do so.

There is but one opinion with regard to the treatment our wounded received in Charleston. It was cruel, shameful, barbarous. Nearly every sentiment of humanity seems to have departed from by these South Carolina wretches. The slightest gun-shot wound, which our army surgeons would have soon healed, immediately suggested to these professional butchers the knife, the saw, amputation, and, in that climate, death. Every opportunity to mutilate the body by amputation was seized upon, and after the operation was performed, the surgeons seemed profoundly indifferent whether a spark of life remained or not. This shameful treatment was not confined to the severely wounded but nearly all who were so unfortunate as to fall into their hands. About one-fourth of the men who fell into their clutches were returned minus a hand, a leg or an arm. One of the blacks was cruelly beaten in order to make him yield to the knife. The wounds of our men were filled with maggots, and no medicines had been administered. The amputations were unskilfully performed by men who seem to take a savage delight in butchering the Union men who fell into their hands. The Sisters of Charity would have rendered good service had they been permitted to do as they pleased. The Catholic Bishop (Lynch) of South Carolina was unremitting in his attentions to our wounded.

The Army and the Negroes.

EVERYWHERE THE AMERICAN GENERAL RECEIVES HIS MOST USEFUL AND RELIABLE INFORMATION FROM THE NEGRO, *who hails his coming as the harbinger of Freedom.*"—*Wm. H. Seward's Official Dispatch to Mr. Adams.*

FROM THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

The correspondent of *The Tribune*, writing from the Headquarters of Meade's army, Aug 3, says: "In a lonely wooded spot, to-day, I met a bathing party of naked contrabands, of the original Congo blackness, and could imagine myself in the wilds of Africa. The effect was novel. We do not often meet the colored persuasion in their original state. Parties of contrabands, chiefly women, varying in number from 20 to 50, almost daily arrive at Warrenton Junction, requesting a passage to Washington. Their numbers are fewer than formerly, as the country is nearly bereft of them. They did not at first follow the fortunes of their predecessors, but came creeping out to greet me, and could hardly raise her hand, because of a great blister as large as a tea-plate between her shoulders.

"I have seen this doctor give out many a dose and lotion for these poor creatures; but though I listened earnestly, never once to my ear came a sentence of advice or counsel to cleanse or purify, to avoid or resist disease. When will government awake to the folly, I should rather say criminality, of making post-surgeons of such stupidly ignorant and conceited men?

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HOW A REBEL GENERAL'S SLAVE HELPED US TO 1,500 PRISONERS.

The Frederick (Md.) *Citizen*—a Democratic paper—says that on the 5th ult., during the movements in Maryland and Pennsylvania, an intelligent negro-man, who it is reported belongs to the rebel General Stuart, was discovered in the vicinity, and imparted information to our commander concerning the number and location of a body of rebel troops on South Mountain, which led to the capture of fifteen hundred of the enemy, with a large number of horses, wagons and ambulances. It would be a generous reward, were this slave within our lines, to return him, as certain people propose, to chains and infamy!

NEGRO REGIMENTS IN LOUISIANA.

A New Orleans letter says: "On Saturday, July 4th, Gen. Emery issued a call for three or four regiments of men to serve for sixty days in the defence of the city. In just three days, four full negro regiments were raised, organized, clothed, armed and equipped."

POPULARITY OF NEGRO TROOPS.

C. A. Dana, formerly of *The Tribune*, has been for several months at Gen. Grant's headquarters, it is said, as an agent of the War Department. He says that the negro troops are popular with all, officers and men; and that the whole Western army has become an army of Abolitionists, in consequence of its personal experience in the slave States. This naturally followed because they are *men*, with true hearts and right and just instincts.

INCIDENTS OF THE ASSAULT ON FORT WAGNER.

Correspondence of The Tribune.

Morris Island, S. C., Aug. 1.—As many false reports with regard to the conduct of the 54th Massachusetts, Col. Shaw, are being made by the Copperhead officers who, to serve the rebels, have obtained commissions in our own army, which will appear, if they have not already, in the Copperhead journals of the North, I trust a further allusion to the action of this regiment in the assault of the 18th will not be out of place or inopportune.

It will be remembered the 54th held the right of the storming column, led by Gen. Strong, commanding the 1st brigade. The regiment went into action six hundred and fifty strong, and came out with a loss of two hundred and eighty privates and officers, being over one-third of the whole number. Among the officers the proportion is much larger. Of twenty-three who went into action but eight came out uninjured. The regiment marched up in columns by wings; the first was under command of Col. Shaw in person, the second under Major Hallowell. When about one thousand yards from the fort, the enemy opened upon them with shot, shell, and cannister, which kept flying through their ranks incessantly, and wounding many of their best officers. But still they pressed on through this storm of shot and shell, and faltered not, but cheered and shouted as they advanced.

When about 100 yards from the fort the rebel musketry opened with such terrible effect that for an instant the first battalion hesitated—but only for an instant, for Col. Shaw, springing to the front and waving his sword shouted, "Forward, my brave boys!" and with another cheer and a shout they rushed though the ditch, gained the parapet on the right and were soon engaged in a hand to hand conflict with the enemy. Col Shaw was one of the first to scale the walls. He stood erect to urge forward his men, and while shouting for them to press on was shot dead and fell into the fort. His body was found with twenty of his men lying dead around him, two lying on his own body. In the morning they were all buried together in the same pit. The first battalion, after losing nearly all their officers, were compelled to fall back, and the second came forward and took its place, and held the position until it, too, lost all its officers, Major Hallowell falling severely wounded.

Capt. Appleton then attempted to rally all that was left of both battalions, but was compelled to give way.

Sergeant-Major Lewis H. Douglass, a son of Fred Douglass, by both white and negro troops is said to have displayed great courage and calmness, was one of the first to mount the parapet, and with his powerful voice shouted: "Come on, boys, and fight for God and Gov Andrew," and with this battle cry led them into the fort.

But above all, the color-bearer deserves more than a passing notice. Sergt. John Wall of Co. G. carried the flag in the first battalion, and when near the fort he fell into a deep ditch, and called upon his guard to help him out. They could not stop for that, but Sergt. William H. Carney of Co. C. caught the colors, carried them forward, and was the first man to plant the Stars and Stripes upon Fort Wagner. As he saw the men falling back, himself severely wounded in the breast, he brought the colors off, creeping on his knees, pressing his wound with one hand and with the other holding up the emblem of freedom. The moment he was seen crawling into the hospital with the flag still in his possession, his wounded companions, both black and white, rose from the straw upon which they were lying and cheered him until exhausted they could shout no longer. In response to this reception the brave and wounded standard-bearer said: "Boys, I but did my duty; the dear old flag never touched the ground."

After the main body of the regiment had been killed, wounded, or driven back, Capt. Amelio, together with Lieuts. Green, Dexter and Tucker, rallied one hundred men and held a position near the fort until 1 o'clock in the morning, when they were relieved by the 10th Connecticut, by order of Gen. Stimson. But even then they did not retire to the rear, but remained in the front and brought off a great number of wounded, who would otherwise have fallen into the hands of the enemy.

[We find in the correspondence of the Philadelphia *Inquirer* the following incidents of the first battle on Morris Island:]

"One of the colored soldiers who had faithfully stood at his post, and refused to fall back when the rebels drove in our pickets, was afterwards brought into our lines. The rebels not content with having murdered him, had cut both his ears off and scalped him. As his comrades looked upon this hideous sight they grit their teeth and swore never to take another prisoner; and I can assure you that the rebels will find that the Fifty-fourth will retaliate in this case without waiting for special or general orders.

"One laughable incident connected with this engagement is as follows: After the rebels had retreated, a colored sergeant, belonging to the Fifty-fourth Massachussetts, and very stunted, was seen coming in with a secesh prisoner. The rebel was one of those tall specimens of the chivalry who seem to have been originally intended for astronomical observations, while his captor was a stunted negro who could with ease have walked between the legs of his prize. It was a ludicrous sight—the little contraband, with expanding eyes, large mouth, ivory glistening, lugging his own arms and those of his prisoner, and beside him was a long-haired, sunken-jawed, sallow-faced specimen of Southern vegetation, humbly following his enterprising colored brother."

THE BATTLE OF HELENA.

The Memphis *Bulletin* of July 6th, has the following account of Gen. Prentiss's fight at Helena, on the morning of the 4th:

"By the arrival of the New Bon Accord and Niagara, we have received from passengers late and interesting news from Helena. The rebel force, which has been for some weeks concentrating thirty-five miles above that city, has at last made its threatened attack. About 4 o'clock on the morning of the 4th, our pickets were driven in by the enemy, who were advancing in force upon our works. So rapidly did they approach that it was impossible to check their advance until they had captured a battery (the First Missouri, as we learn) and advanced far down the ravine on the south-west side of the city. The rebels had actually got down to the suburbs of Helena when the guns on Fort Curtis opened upon them with terrible effect. Meanwhile, Gen. Prentiss had formed his men in order of battle and advanced to the charge, while the gunboat Tyler, which completely commanded the ravine from the river, began to pour shot and shell among them with the most destructive effect. It will be remembered by those familiar with the place, that the fort is so situated as to perfectly command the ravine in question from the land, her guns bearing directly down its whole extent. The attacking forces of the rebels, who were commanded by Cols. Lewis and Dunham, seeing themselves thus suddenly subjected to so destructive a fire, began a retreat. This they found a very difficult task, hemmed in on all sides, with a perfect storm of iron hail hurling through their fast-thinning ranks—their commander seeing no chance of escape, and being unsustained by the non-arrival of the main force which had been promised him—he made a desperate effort to cut his way through. In this he partially succeeded, leaving from 350 to 400 of his men killed and wounded on the field, and a loss of 1,234 prisoners. At 9 o'clock on Saturday night our scouts were engaged in bringing in prisoners. Price's whole army was in the neighborhood; it was reconed at 16,000 men. Gen. Prentiss supposed the attacking army outnumbered his own army nearly five to one. It was thought that the attack would be renewed yesterday (Sunday) morning, but at the time the *Niagara* left, which was 2 o'clock, on Sunday, the scouts had been three miles out, and no enemy had been discovered. The gunboat *Tyler* rendered very essential service, having thrown upwards of 500 shells among the enemy's troops. Among the captured are six field officers, Colonels, Lieutenant-Colonels and Majors.

Col. Oakes, of Missouri, is among the captives. Gen. PRENTISS is confident of his ability to hold his position against any attack which the enemy may make. Our troops behaved in the most gallant manner. The gunners at the fort are deserving of praise for the precision with which they raked the enemy's lines by their grape and cannister. The negro regiments fought well, fully demonstrating their usefulness as soldiers.

BLACK SUBSTITUTES FOR WHITE CONSCRIPTS.

The Missouri *Republican* is as "conservative" of slavery and all its belongings as a loyal journal need or well can be, yet it thus forcibly rebukes Mr. Stanton's order that Blacks shall not be accepted as substitutes for Whites under the Draft."

"It was supposed, before the recent strange decision of the War Department, that a person drafted might substitute a man of any color. The conscription law applies to all free whites and blacks, without distinction; why, therefore, any distinction should be made, when the question of substitution comes up, is not easily comprehended. The reason given by the Provost Marshal General is no reason whatever. He says negroes have less pay and less bounty. Well, then, the government saves by substituting a black for a white man. The reason assigned by the Provost Marshal is a reason in favor of such substitutions and not against them. Further, it should be considered that many of these substitutes, if received, would be slaves emancipated, upon condition of service. Thus, the cause of emancipation would be promoted. Looked at in any point of view, it would seem that these substitutions ought to be favored; and how they can be refused, under the law, properly construed, is not apparent to our minds."

STATE OF NEGRO VOLUNTEERING.

Washington Correspondence of the Commonwealth.

Negro recruiting progresses with a rapidity that, in view of the obstacles that impede it, may well be called wonderful. We have now completely organized, and either in active service or awaiting orders, fourteen negro regiments, as follows: From Massachusetts, 2; South Carolina, 2; District of Columbia, 1; North Carolina, 1; Philadelphia, 1; Kansas, 1; New Orleans, 2; Mississippi Valley, about Memphis and Vicksburg, 4; Rhode Island, 1 battery. In all, 14 regiments and one battery.

Of the regiments now raising, I do not know that I can give a full list; but the following are all *vital* organizations, most of them over half full now, and all recruiting rapidly: In South Carolina, 2; District of Columbia, 1; North Carolina, 1 (nearly 700 now) at Fortress Monroe, 1; Baltimore, 1; Philadelphia, 1; New Orleans, 1; in Mississippi Valley, 16. In all, 24 organized regiments.

All, or nearly all of these regiments will be ready for service by the last of August. At that time, therefore, we shall have thirty-eight negro regiments in the service; with, there is every reason to hope, enough more begun and partly filled to swell the number to fifty. Opening the Mississippi largely increases the territory from which recruits can be drawn; and there is no reason why the Fall should not see as a reality, the army of a hundred thousand negroes of which we have been talking.

But the difficulties that hamper enlistments, are serious. The injustice of paying negroes three dollars a month less than whites, for the same service, and refusing them any bounty, is manifest; but the case becomes aggravated by the conscription. We are now hugging negroes to volunteer; and are offering them ten dollars a month. Presently we shall be drafting them, and paying the drafted men three dollars a month more than the volunteers; for the conscription law makes no distinctions in pay, on account of color. Why should not the negroes wait to be drafted, and avail themselves of the higher wages?

The decision that a negro may not be accepted as a substitute for a white drafted man likewise interferes with the hopes of those whose desire to see a large negro force in the field as soon as possible; and the delay in decreeing the same protection for black as for white soldiers is an injustice too glaring not to have a discouraging effect on their volunteering. W. R.

GEN. POTTER'S RAID IN NORTH CAROLINA.

Gen. Potter lately made a very successful cavalry raid toward the interior of North Carolina, leaving Newbern July 18th. At Greenville the jail was broken open, and 25 negroes released, who had been imprisoned for attempting to get inside our lines, in order to join the colored regiment at Newbern. They had been condemned to be shot, but the sentence will not be carried out; at least for the present it will not be, as they will soon be clad in the military blue of our army. Twelve hundred negroes in all, fell into our columns, of which 600 were retaken by the rebels. The rest came in with our forces, and are thereby *de facto* free.

The Raleigh *Progress*, a rebel paper, says: "If we continue to conduct the war upon our own soil, we shall have not only the armed legions of the North in the shape of the Yankees themselves, to contend against, but within another year they will have at least half of our own slaves fighting against us."

OFFICERS FOR THE COLORED REGIMENTS.

The demand for Captains and other Company officers of Colored troops has been so great that the bureau has with difficulty kept pace with the emergency. On the other hand, the supply of field officers has been considerably in excess of the demand. The candidates have been subjected to an unusually thorough examination, and this circumstance, together with their previous experiences and approved courage, bids fair to make the negro regiments efficient in much less time than the average of new troops. At the same time it gives a character to the corps which will make it respected by Southern if not feared by Northern Copperheads. Adjt-Gen. Thomas will immediately return to Vicksburg and the lower Mississippi to prosecute the work of organizing colored troops so auspiciously commenced by him.—*Washington Cor. Tribune.*

AN INSTANCE OF BRAVERY.

Mr. S. D. Stickney, an old resident of Florida, expresses his belief, from personal observation, that the colored soldiers in our army will continue to give good accounts of themselves. He tells one instance of their bravery occurring during Col. Montgomery's operations in Florida. A minnie ball inflicted a terrible wound in the jaw of a colored soldier, who was immediately ordered to the rear; but instead of putting himself under the charge of a surgeon, the black coolly took out a handkerchief, bound up his wound, resumed his arms and stepped again to the front saying that he "meant to get satisfaction for that anyhow." He did excellent service during the remainder of the fight.—*Eve. Post.*

DEPARTMENT OF THE SOUTH.

Mistakes are often made by the newspapers in regard to the colored regiments in the Department of the South. Authentic information states their location as follows:

1st South Carolina, Col. T. W. Higginson (Mass.), Beaufort, S. C.	860
2d South Carolina, Col. James Montgomery (Kansas), Morris Island	600
3d South Carolina, Lieut.-Col. Bennett (New York), Hilton Head	350
4th South Carolina, Col. Littlefield (Illinois), Fernandina	200
Total	2,010

These are all the colored troops yet organized in the Department, and they include nearly every able-bodied negro, except those employed in the Quartermaster's Department, in the Navy, or as officers' servants.—*Tribune.*

GEN. PRENTISS GIVES GEN. HOLMES WARNING.

The following letter which Maj.-Gen. Prentiss recently sent to the rebel Gen. Holmes, explains itself:

HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT OF EAST ARKANSAS,
HELENA, Ark., June 30, 1863.

GENERAL: I have information of such a character as not to leave a reasonable doubt of its correctness: that in recent engagements with a detachment of United States forces, some of whom were people of African descent, certain of the troops of your command so far transcended the laws of civilized warfare as to kill defenceless soldiers, who by chance of battle fell into their hands, giving no quarter to white or black.

Having in this district certain organizations of colored troops, and presuming from the disposition and movements of a portion of your command, that an encounter between the opposing forces may not be long delayed, I deem it proper to inquire whether I am to consider such acts as precedents, which will be hereafter followed by your troops; or, as I hope may be the case, were they unauthorized and disapproved?

I have to ask that you will favor me with an early and explicit reply, and that you will state whether colored troops, regularly enlisted and mustered into the service of the United States, and the officers commanding them, so long as they comply with the rules and usages of civilized warfare, are to receive in return the benefits of such rules and usages.

Regretting, General, the necessity which seems to demand this communication, but at the same time deeming it of reciprocal importance that we should thoroughly understand one another upon questions of such vital importance,

I have the honor to remain your ob't serv't,
B. M. PRENTISS, Major-General

FIRST REGIMENT NORTH CAROLINA VOLUNTEERS.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Times.

NEWBERN, N. C., Monday, July 27, 1863.

On Thursday morning last, the regiment—known as the First North Carolina Colored Volunteers, U. S. A.—paraded with full ranks in front of the "City Green," to receive the flag. Their drill was perfect, and their evolutions complete, in nowise behind those white regiments whose term of service has been of no longer a period than theirs. That they will fight has already been demonstrated by the acts of their brothers in arms in the West, and that they are a terror to our enemies is abundantly proven by the tone of the leading papers of the South. Men who have been sold off the block and whose bodies are scarred by the lash, will fully appreciate the blessings of liberty, and will fight to the death to preserve them.

The flag was procured by the contributions of the negroes in this place, and certainly they are entitled to great credit, for, with their limited means, they did nobly. The flag is a beautiful one, costing in Boston $150. It was designed by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. On one side is a representation of the Goddess of Liberty crushing to the earth a snake of the copperhead variety. On a scroll held by the Goddess is written, "First regiment North Carolina Volunteers." On the reverse side of the flag is the rising sun, casting its bright rays upon the dark clouds opposite; while in the bright azure appears the word "Liberty." Beneath the picture is written, "The Lord is our sun and shield." The regiment was drawn up into line, and the flag was presented to Gen. Wilde, commanding the Colored brigade, by Mary Ann Starkie, formerly a slave, now President of "The Colored Ladies' Aid Association of North Carolina," in the following speech:

GEN. WILDE: As the representative of the Colored Ladies' Relief Association of Newbern, and in their behalf, I have the honor and the pleasure of presenting to you, for the First North Carolina Colored regiment, this beautiful banner, knowing that wherever they go they will take it with them as an incentive to duty, and when they return they will bring it back with them, to show to us, their friends, that they have stood by it with their lives in the cause of freedom. Take it, and with it the encouragement, and love, and prayers of the women of Newbern.

The flag was then given to Gen. Wilde, who made the following speech:

LADIES: I thank you for this splendid testimonial of your interest in our great cause. I am glad and proud to be the medium of conveying it to those for whom it is destined. When the widow's mite can assume such a form as this, we know that their hearts must indeed have been stirred. Again I thank you, and I thank God, who put it into your hearts to do this thing. I thank Him who has enabled you to give and us to receive this emblem of the future destiny of your race. I thank Him that in the kindness of His providence the "fullness of time has been consummated in this our day and generation. I thank Him that you and I are here to witness the dawning of this day, which shall be great in the history of our country, a glorious day of promise in the future of the African race, aye, and for the advancement of civilization throughout the world. I will now consign it to the care of those whom I know will never disgrace it."

The flag was then presented to Col. Jas. C. Beecher—brother of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher—commanding the regiment, who consigned it to the standard-bearer of the regiment with the accompanying remarks:

SOLDIERS OF THE FIRST NORTH CAROLINA COLORED REGIMENT: The flag I have received in your behalf I bring to you. It is well worth receiving and protecting. You can protect, and I know the future will prove that you will protect it. It devolves upon me to interpret for you the signs upon it. On the first front the figure represented is the God-less of Liberty. Perhaps you don't know who the Goddess of Liberty is. I will explain. When the Ancient Greeks and Romans wished to symbolize anything beautiful, good and chaste, they put it in the form of a woman; and inasmuch as Liberty is the embodiment of all virtues, we make it a woman, and we will stand by it in this latter day. You perceive as the Goddess stands erect, strong, virtuous, courageous, underneath her feet there squirms a serpent. In these days, when men are battling for God, liberty and country, at home a species of reptile called "Copperheads"—thank God, there are few of them—are dragging their length along, poisonous and deadly, not having honesty enough to go where they belong, but who stay at home, and, with traitorous fang, strike at us in the field, and at the government which protects them. Therefore, the serpent represents the "Copperhead"—mean, secretive, poisonous, with Liberty, beautiful and courageous, putting her foot upon it, trampling it down—the destruction of treason. Turning the reverse side of the flag to the regiment, the Colonel continued: "In all these years of war and death, of dark clouds, lighting occasionally, at last there comes sunshine—a glorious sunshine, gilding the clouds, and over the top of it appears the magic word *Liberty*. Thank God, now the word has meaning. Two hundred thousand men like unto you rally now to the cry. This is the flag we fight under—fight for liberty, not for one, but for *all*, as God has made them. We bear it henceforth, our rallying point. This flag will show us where to rally. Let it be sacred, and its influence will grow stronger day by day. I deliver it to you as the most sacred trust that has ever passed through my hands since I was born. I will devote myself to it, and you, I believe, will follow it with a single heart and a strong mind."

The Chaplain, Rev. John N. Mars (colored), then read a hymn of his own composition, and concluded the services by prayer and the benediction

Miscellaneous Department.

A MEMORIAL.

M. A. C.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

O thicker, deeper, darker growing,
The solemn vista to the tomb
Must know henceforth another shadow,
And give another cypress room.

In love surpassing that of brothers,
We walked, O friend, from childhood's day;
And looking back o'er fifty summers,
Our foot-prints track a common way.

One in our faith, and one our longing
To make the world within our reach
Somewhat the better for our living,
And gladder for our human speech.

Thou heardst with me the far-off voices,
The old beguiling song of fame,
But life to thee was warm and present,
And love was better than a name.

To homely joys and loves and friendships
Thy genial nature fondly clung;
And so the shadow on the dial
Ran back and left thee always young.

And who could blame the generous weakness
Which, only to thyself unjust,
So overprized the worth of others,
And dwarfed thy own with self-distrust?

All hearts grew warmer in the presence
Of one who, seeking not his own,
Gave freely for the love of giving,
Nor reaped for self the harvest sown.

Thy greeting smile was pledge and prelude
Of generous deeds and kindly words;
In thy large heart were fair guest-chambers,
Open to sunrise and the birds!

The task was thine to mold and fashion
Life's plastic newness into grace;
To make the boyish heart heroic,
And light with thought the maiden's face.

O'er all the land, in town and prairie,
With bended heads of mourning, stand
The living forms that owe their beauty
And fitness to thy shaping hand.

Thy call has come in ripened manhood,
The noonday calm of heart and mind,
While I, who dreamed of thy remaining
To mourn me, linger still behind:

Live on, to own, with self-upbraiding,
A debt of love still due from me—
The vain remembrance of occasions,
For ever lost, of serving thee.

It was not mine among thy kindred
To join the silent funeral prayers,
But all that long sad day of summer
My tears of mourning dropped with theirs.

All day the sea-waves sobbed with sorrow,
The birds forgot their merry trills,
All day I heard the pines lamenting
With thine upon thy homestead hills.

Green be those hill-side pines for ever,
And green the meadowy lowlands be,
And green the old memorial beeches,
Name-carven, in the woods of Lee!

Still let them greet thy life companions
Who thither turn their pilgrim feet,
In every mossy line recalling
A tender memory sadly sweet.

O friend! if thought and sense avail not
To know thee henceforth as thou art,
That all is well with thee forever
I trust the instincts of my heart.

Thine be the quiet habitations,
Thine the green pastures, blossom sown,
And smiles of saintly recognition
As sweet and tender as thy own.

Thou com'st not from the hush and shadow
To meet us, but to thee we come;
With thee we never can be strangers,
And where thou art must still be home!

—*Independent.*

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

LUCIA.

A STORY IN THREE PARTS.

PART I.

A BELOVED friend once asked me, in the saddest and darkest year of all the times I had known, to write for him the story of my life. It seemed then a cruel request for him, above all others, to make. I see now that he meant it for my good. It was a terrible thing for me to do, but I complied with his wish; I wrote all that I had known and felt and suffered. Three years ago, the manuscript, together with a packet of old letters, was returned to me. My name was written in a strange hand; the package was sealed with black; so I knew that he was dead, and had no farther need of any story or letter of mine. Had it not been my friend's last request that I should revise the manuscript, and, after some needful alterations, prepare it for publication, I should have destroyed it long ago. He thought it might do good, and wished all thoughtful and earnest persons to read it. His slightest wish seems doubly sacred to me now. In the hope that it may do good, I give it to you, my kind readers.

My home has been, since my earliest recollections, in a beautiful village in Western New York. I was the only child, as I believed for a long time, of good and virtuous parents, whose sole pride and comfort I was. They were people in the middle walks of life, possessed of a modest competence, and, wholly destitute of ambition, they aspired to no higher rank than the one which their education and circumstances rendered most fitting for them. My life, watched over with such loving care, ought to have been a very happy one; but unfortunately I possessed a warm, ardent and enthusiastic temperament, the very reverse of that of my parents, which rendered me dissatisfied with the quiet, monotonous life we led. I wanted more spirit and adventure infused into my daily life, and a wider field of action, wherein I might exercise my varied gifts and acquirements. I was ambitious to move in a more refined and intellectual circle than the one to which fortune had assigned me. I knew that I was beautiful; every look from the most careless passer in the street had told me that long ago; but I was not vain—only simply glad, as a flower might be, that I was pleasant to look upon. I conversed with fluency and spirit, and when the subject was one which excited my sympathies, and when I met with those whose spirits were akin to my own, I was another being; I felt exhilarated, as though I drank the most subtle of wines, and the words flowed from my tongue as poetry and melody come from the inspired lips of an improvisatrice. It was this power to enchain my listeners that made me long for a more congenial atmosphere.

I felt in my inmost soul that I was a queen; but alas! a queen without a kingdom or a throne! I think now that I can date this extreme restlessness and desire for a wider sphere of action from the time when I learned that I was only an adopted child of my parents. I was greatly pained when the truth was revealed to me, but after the first shock was over, I grew restless and dissatisfied. I burned with an insatiable desire to know who my real parents were. Did they move in a different circle from my adopted parents? Were they in a higher or lower rank of society? And why had they abandoned me, their child, so young, to the care of strangers? These and an hundred similar questionings filled my thoughts night and day. But my father, kind and good as he had always been to me, was stern and inflexible upon this one point. He had imperatively forbidden me to seek to knew more than he was pleased to tell me, and this was only that my father had given me to him when I was still an infant, to bring up as his own child. That my father still lived, he learned from letters received from time to time, but he would never, under any circumstances, claim me as his child.

As the years wore on, and I grew to womanhood, the strangeness and novelty of my position ceased to perplex me. Through the influence of an intimate friend of my mother's, I had obtained the open sesame to that charmed circle, which, it seemed to my girlish eyes, the height of human felicity to enter. And yet, though I had troops of friends, and was admired, courted, and listened to with delight, I was not happy. It was not in my nature to be. Alexander like, I still sighed for new worlds to conquer.

Just as I was growing thoroughly weary of people, who seemed all at once to have grown strangely dull and insipid to my eyes, I received a great and terrible blow. It happened thus: One evening I was at the house of a friend—almost the only one, I may say, whose friendship I really valued. There were several others there besides myself, and in the course of the evening the conversation turned upon slavery and the American prejudice against color. I believe all who gave an opinion acknowledged that they were infected with this prejudice, and argued that it was right and natural to possess it, and more than all, that it was impossible to overcome it. One gentleman, whom I shall call Mr. Holcomb, even went so far as to say that he could detect this hated blood, though it might be but a few drops only, in any one who was so unfortunate as to possess it. There was an intangible something about them, a peculiar odor, the shape and color of the eye, a difference in the finger nails, which made it at once perceptible to him. When questioned in regard to the nails, he replied that there was a certain white crescent, which could only be found upon the nails of those who were of pure Anglo-Saxon blood. Of course this somewhat startling assertion was followed by a general examination of finger nails. But alas for his theory! one-half of the company were entirely destitute of this distinguishing mark; some possessed it on one or two fingers, and I happened to be the only one present who wore the badge of the Anglo-Saxon upon every one. I was secretly proud of my nails; they were rosy-tipped and almond shaped, well cared for from my childhood, and as I rarely saw such nails on other hands, I felt well pleased when several of the guests openly expressed their admiration of them. It seems a trivial thing to dwell upon so long, but you will soon learn why it proved a momentous one to me.

There was one young girl, the daughter of my mother's friend, to whom I owed my *entre* into this particular circle, who sat perfectly silent while this conversation was taking place. Janette Carson was a warm-hearted, impulsive creature, one who was very apt to say rash things, and be heartily sorry for them afterwards. She was the only one of our circle who was supposed to be the least tinctured with the opinions of the Abolitionists, and I saw from her nervous, agitated manner what it cost her to keep silent at such a time. Nor was I surprised when some one of the party turned to her, and asked ironically her opinion of the subject they were discussing, to hear the impetuous outburst of anger and indignation with which she greeted the questioner. Janette spoke in a clear, ringing tone, which was heard to the farthest end of the room, and she became at once the centre of all eyes. Conversation ceased, and we sat silent, listening to her. It was a novelty to us to see any one so terribly in earnest. She was all aglow with excitement, and spoke with great warmth of feeling. This prejudice against color, she said, was an unholy and wicked one, and she could not conceive how any one who professed to be a Christian could coolly and deliberately justify such a barbarous feeling. As for Mr. Holcomb saying that he could detect the least drop of African blood in any one, she knew that he was saying what was not true. "I know," she said, "positively know, that he has been deceived once, and I think he may be again."

Mr. Holcomb rose, and came towards her, looking flushed and angry, and asked her for proofs of what she asserted. "Do you know of any one, who possesses such a taint, who is received into good society?" Janette was silent; she gave me a quick, frightened glance, and I went to the rescue, as I had done many times before, when she got herself into trouble. We were old and long-tried friends, and I had promised Mrs. Carson to exercise a sisterly care over her daughter. I thought she had said, under the influence of excitement, more than she could prove to be true, and I went towards the piano. Something Janette said then made me pause a moment. It was only, "Yes, Mr. Holcomb, I do know such a case." "Where?" he asked. "I cannot tell where." "Is it a woman?" "A lady." "Is the circle she moves in respectable?" "Most respectable," she assented. "Do they know," he continued, "that she is so tainted?" "They do not," she said with evident reluctance. "How is that possible?" he asked, somewhat impatiently. "Where are her parents?" "She is the daughter of a Southern slaveholder," my friend returned, in an indignant tone, and her eye flashed with meaning. "He gave her to a Northern gentleman to bring up as his own child, and she does not even know who her real parents are." "A likely story, truly," rejoined Mr. Holcomb, sneeringly, as he left her, and came towards the piano. I had just touched the keys, when I heard Mr. Holcomb's voice, asking me to play something of Beethoven's. "Anything," I said indifferently, it he would find it while I played Miss Allen's favorite air. I dashed into it, scarcely knowing or caring what I played. I thought only, "I am that child." It came over me like a flash; I cannot tell how or why it came, but I felt it was the truth. I was stunned. It was a terrible blow, which had taken from me all power of consecutive thought. The past and the future seemed as nothing to me, only the present was real and tangible. I heard Mr. Holcomb again saying, "Will you play for me now, Miss Reed?" I remember thinking that his voice had a far-off sound, as though it came from another world. The music was before me, it was not a favorite piece of mine, it was too intensely mournful; but I felt then, for the first time, that I could enter into the spirit of the composition. It seemed like the despairing cry of a lost soul, finding no light, no hope in all the wide world. Dreary, desolate, and God-forsaken, it cried unceasingly, "lost, lost, lost." All sad and melancholy sounds upon the earth and in the air seemed blended and mingled with that cry—the breaking of the waves on a barren shore—the moaning of the winds in the mountain pines—the sobbing of the November rain; but through all, ever and anon, came the mournful, hopeless, desolate moan of the lost soul.

How still the room was when it was finished. Mr. Holcomb's eyes looked strangely humid. Who would have thought that this cold, polished man of the world could so easily have been moved to tears? I was surprised at nothing; I was possessed of one thought only—I must go home; I must see my father, he will tell me the truth. I felt and moved among the guests like one who walks in her sleep. "What ails Miss Reed?" I overheard one lady whisper to another; "she acts like one possessed." "She has just come out of a mesmeric trance," was the half-jesting reply; "that doleful music is enough to possess any one; come, 'tis time we were going home," and they moved away. I felt Janette Carson's hand on my shoulder; it struck a cold chill through me. I shook it off impatiently, rudely almost; it was more than I could bear then. I went home.

My father was awaiting my return alone; my mother was not well, and had gone to bed early. As I stood by the fire, my father noticed that I was pale, and asked if I were well. I muttered some indistinct reply about being cold and tired. I could not summon courage to speak to him then. It seemed there, by the bright, cheerful fire, and in the familiar old room, as though the evening I had passed must be some hideous dream, which would soon pass away, and be forgotten. My father was a man of few words, but by a thousand little attentions he always made me feel how much he loved his child. He rarely used terms of endearment, but every tone of his voice seemed like a caress. So when he chafed my hands within his own, and spoke soothingly, trying to win me to confide in him, (for with the quick eye of affection he saw something had gone wrong with me), I began to weep. He was a wise physician, and let me weep silently and undisturbed. When the storm was spent, he kissed me tenderly, and in the tone of one who would not be denied, said, "And now, Lucia, what is it, child?" Then I felt no longer cowardly and weak; his love had strengthened me; and I looked up bravely, and told him the story I had heard that evening. When I had ended it with "I am that child, father!" He only answered by drawing me nearer to his heart, and saying, "My poor child!" and I felt warm, pitying tears falling, drop by drop, upon my cheek. We sat and talked a long while together, I told him, among other things, that I would no longer maintain a false position with my friends, I would tell them at once who and what I was. "If you do so," said my father earnestly, "it will be against both your mother's wishes and mine. Mrs. Carson is the only person to whom we have revealed our secret. We did so because we found she was that *rara avis* amongst us Americans, a person devoid of all prejudice. That she approved of our course you cannot doubt, when you know that she introduced you into her own particular circle, after she was possessed of all the facts relating to your birth. You know," he continued, "that you are the same person now that you were three hours ago. You have committed no crime; you are a victim, not a criminal, and you have no right to arraign yourself before a packed jury. You will find very few Mrs. Carsons in the world, my child." "But there is one person, father, to whom I must reveal all, everything: Mr. Holcomb." My father started: "It is as I feared, then, Lucia?" I was silent. "Does he love you, my child?" "Yes, father, at least he told me so only a few days ago." "And you?" "I thought then I did not love him only as a friend, but to-night I learned a great many things, and this. Oh, my father, I would that I were dead, for my trouble is greater than I can bear." I wept bitterly, and again I was soothed and comforted by his all-patient and enduring love.

Mr. Holcomb was to meet my father the next day by appointment, and when we parted for the night, it was with the assurance that my father would act in all things for the best. I will not linger over this part of my story; it is easy to divine the sequel—a child might have known it; I loved him, so I hoped. But I did not blame him then, neither do I now, remembering all my former prejudices. In a little while it was all as though it had never been. When we met, it was as strangers. There were many things to trouble me in those days; they were very dark and hopeless days to me. My friends seemed changed; only Mrs. Carson and the penitent Janette remained true; the rest had grown cold and distant to me. It was not long before I learned the cause. Mr. Holcomb had revealed all that he knew of my history to a bosom friend, and that friend had proved treacherous; so the terrible secret was out at last. I need scarcely say that I was very unhappy. My parents thought a change of scene would be of use to me, and it happened very opportunely for us all that about this time I received a kind and pressing invitation, from some near relatives of my mother, to visit them in Ohio. It was understood when I left home with my father, that if I were pleased with these relatives and their surroundings, I was to remain there for an indefinite period. I took leave of my mother and the few tried friends who were still left me, with a sorrowing heart, and set out upon my journey with many sad forebodings as to what the future had still in store for me.

No man can read the New Testament honestly, and not learn to measure his religion chiefly by his benevolence.—*Channing.*

FOR THE ANTI SLAVERY STANDARD.

ALL THREE.

We loved them so!
Yet when our Country, with a thrill of pain,
Called on her sons to rid her of the shame
That burned and throbbed through every tortured vein,
We bade them go.

We sent all three:
The eldest born, with calm and holy face;
The dark-haired one, just entering on life's race;
The youngest, with such boyish freaks and grace—
Ah, me! ah, me!

Oh! with what thrill
We saw them leave us, for we could not know,
In the drear future, though we loved them so,
What dreadful depths of anguish they might know—
Oh! heart, be still.

Oh, War! oh, War!
Will there a time come when we need not weep,
Or for our dear ones lonely vigils keep,
Or with salt tears our sleepless pillows steep,
Hearts aching sore?

Oh, Peace! oh, Peace!
Spread thy blessed mantle o'er our bleeding land.
Help us, O God, with thy Almighty hand.
Humbled and guilty in Thy sight we stand.
Bid discord cease.

Through dreary day
There often comes a glorious light to me—
With eye of faith uplooking, Lord, to Thee,
Unyoked necks and peaceful lands I see,
Not far away.

Norristown, Pa. M.

A BALTIMORE SLAVE PEN CLOSED.

ENLISTMENT OF COLORED SOLDIERS IN MARYLAND.

Correspondence of The Evening Post.

BALTIMORE, July 29, 1863.

GEN. SCHENCK has added another wreath to his justly earned laurels. He has broken up the infamous slave pens of our city—those black holes in which men, women and children have been thrust and confined for no other crime than being slaves. Everybody in whose soul slavery has not extinguished the last spark of humanity rejoices at this glorious deed of our Commanding General. Public opinion has, for years past, been strongly against these slave pens, but it was paralyzed by the infamous slave laws that the masters put on our statute books. It is now released by Gen. Schenck from paralysis, and never more will the dealers be able to reopen these dens of iniquity, these "bridges of sighs," for the hapless and helpless slaves. All the slaves found in these pens belonged to rebels, and were put there for safe-keeping at the expense of the owners, but Gen. Schenck has confiscated the whole of them. The able-bodied men enlisted at once in Col. Birney's regiment. The hoary old traitor Gen. Stuart, now in Virginia, had seventeen of his slave men in Campbell's pen, and they are all soldiers of the republic now. Their release was attended by some interesting incidents. Col. Birney having applied for authority to visit the place and confiscate Stuart's "property," an order to that effect arrived yesterday, and in the afternoon the Colonel proceeded to the prison, showed his order, entered, and locking the doors behind him, entered the court-yard first, and then visited the cells. In this place sixty persons were confined, some of them having been there over three years. To be imprisoned there, without ever being allowed to visit the outer world, to forget almost what trees and flowers, and green fields were, to be deprived even of the cool breezes of heaven, was bad enough; but there was worse than this. The ball, the chain, the shackles were not wanting to make the lives of these poor creatures more miserable. Sixteen men were bound together with shackles at the ankles, others were chained two by two, and one old man had his legs fastenened together by shackles connected by chains bound to his waist. The poor wretches were all terribly frightened when called up by the Colonel. They thought he had come to buy them and take them off South, as it seems they have been kept there by their masters to await either peace and "the Union as it was," or a good chance for shipment to the South. They were soon reassured, however, and a blacksmith having been sent for, the chains and shackles were speedily removed.

When the chains fell from the ankles of the old man, he lifted up his eyes and hands and exclaimed, "Thank God!" The expression was simple, but in its tone revealed the suffering, the despair of months. When told they were to go out and be free, they could not believe it at first, but when assured again and again that it was so, a simultaneous shout of gladness went up, which must have made the angels rejoice, and "God bless you, massa! God Almighty bless you! The Lord Jesus love you, massa!" were the blessings freely showered upon the Colonel, who, scarcely less happy than they, tried to make them understand that they owed their release to the government. They listened and assented, but still evidently looked upon the Colonel as their deliverer after all. The scene, he says, he shall never forget. Their joy found vent, with the men, in prayers and ejaculations of praise, with the women in tears and embraces of each other.

Finally, the Colonel told them they must get ready to go out. Then they fairly flew to their cells for their bags and bundles. And—the Colonel told it with a smile—even in this supreme moment womanly vanity (shall we so call a laudable self-respect?) showed itself. He could see them smoothing their hair, putting on little articles of finery, and otherwise "prettying up" before their bits of looking glass. It was not many minutes, however, before they all came down, and were marched out, men, women and children, into the free—to them doubly free—air.

They were taken to the recruiting office in Camden street, and here another most affecting scene took place. The news of the opening of the prison had spread like wildfire, and the office and pavement in front were crowded with colored people, many of whom now met friends and relatives for the first time for three years. Well, I must not make my letter too long. Suffice it that joy reigned supreme, and when the Colonel asked, "Now what is to be done with these people for to-night?" the most generous hospitality was liberally tendered. After seeing them thus all provided for, and enlisting sixteen able-bodied men in the service, the Colonel returned to camp, feeling that the blessing of Heaven would be upon the work he had that day done.

In the evening one of the Lieutenants, talking with the new freedmen, asked them if they knew the person who liberated them. "No," answered one, "we don't know him, but we know that God sent him.' "Yes," echoed the rest; "God sent him—God sent him!"

Thus, you see, "the hand-breadth cloud the sages feared" is spreading. The Colonel hopes soon to open every slave pen in Baltimore, and through God's grace and the strong arm of the government, they shall never be used as such again.

Col. William Birney, the inspector and enlisting officer for colored troops, is second to none in his partiotism, his firmness, bravery, and his love of liberty. When he arrived here, three weeks ago, he saw at a glance the difficulties of his position. But he is a man to whom difficulty only adds stimulus, and he began his work determined to go through with it. Quietly establishing his office, he sent out his agents, arranged his camp, and in other ways prepared to receive his recruits. He has gone on since then, pushing his way little by little, and has been exceedingly watchful that his men shall behave themselves properly in the streets, and respectfully to everybody. Now his regiment numbers over five companies, and his camp is daily becoming more and more one of the features of the city. Everything is in the best possible order, and the men already make quite a soldierly appearance upon drill. Most of them are free men, but, as was supposed, some slaves have slipped in.

Two or three of these slaves have been claimed by their masters, or rather by their mistresses; for, I am happy to say, the men seem ashamed to acknowledge the ownership of these men when dressed in the United States uniform. One woman came a few days ago to claim her "boy Sam." The officer to whom she applied told her he had no time to attend to her, and that it was not likely that "Sam" was here. "Oh! but there he is," she exclaimed, "standing by that tree." Sam was called up, acknowledged his mistress's claim, but signified very plainly that he was quite contented in his present position. "But Sam," said she, beginning to weep, "did I not treat you well; did I not let you do as you pleased, and give you pocket money besides?" "De last six months you did, missus," said the "boy"—"but after all, missus, it's no use a talking; I'se sorry for you, but you see I'se hired out to my Uncle Sam for three years, and I can't think of quitting no how." And then with a broad grin this unfaithful servant turned on his heel and walked back to his quarters.

Another, an elderly lady, came with her husband to claim her boy Richard. The Lieutenant who received her application told her that the black creature whom she once called her slave was now a man, having become a soldier in the United States service, and, of course, she could have no claim upon him. She laughed derisively, and said: "He a soldier, indeed! a fellow who could never take care of himself!" The Lieutenat replied that his government would take care of him then. After arguing a while she became nervous, cried, and said it was a "shame" to take him from her, as he had been bequeathed to her to take care of her. "Madam," said the Lieutenant, as he bowed himself off, "you just now said the fellow could not take care of himself!" This was all the satisfaction she got, and I do not think any other similar applications will be more fortunate.

The men are of nearly every shade of color, and are, with few exceptions, bright and very happy looking. They learn rapidly, are obedient, and, as far as my limited experience goes, are more easily managed and disciplined than white recruits. The barracks are beautifully situated, just out of the city, occupying three sides of a hollow square, planted with old trees, which give a good shade to the parade ground at all times of the day. The increase in the number of recruits has been very preceptible within a few days, although it received quite a serious check last week. A drummer boy belonging to a company from Washington City got hold of a revolver, and being somewhat excited by liquor, stationed himself at the corner of one of the streets and threatened to shoot the first "nigger soldier" that came along. The Colonel hearing of it sent a sergeant and three privates to seize him and take him to the office. In attempting to excecute this order the sergeant received a ball through the right shoulder, inflicting a severe but not mortal wound. The drummer then ran, and before he was finally captured shot two other men, though not seriously. He is now in Fort McHenry awaiting his trial, and the wounded sergeant is in the hospital slowly recovering. As I said, this seemed to cool very much the ardor for enlisting, but it only lasted for two days, and is now going on vigorously again. One hundred and sixteen came in last night, sixteen of whom were obtained in a most interesting and important manner.

There are hundreds of people in our State who are prepared to offer their negro slaves as their substitutes, others free negroes; and there are also hundreds of free negroes who are able to offer white substitutes for themselves, willing and ready to serve even for a negro; for a negro's bounty is as good as a white man's.

Our city authorities have under consideration the question of voting the bounty to such negroes as will enlist in our colored regiments, and it is believed it will be done, since they will be counted in our quota. Now our negroes are going off to Philadelphia to enlist, as they get the bounty there.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

THE REBEL WAR POWER BROKEN.—A letter has been received by a brother of a distinguished Rebel officer and engineer captured by Gen. Grant at Vicksburg, wherein that officer says: "The capture of Vicksburg and our army is fatal to our cause. We can never reorganize another army in the West. The war may go on for some time with guerilla fighting, which I think would be unworthy of the country, and which I will not approve. We have played a big game and lost. As soon as I am exchanged, I shall leave the Confederacy and the cause for Europe."

THE special correspondent of *The Tribune* at Cairo writes: "I have now to inform you that soldiers entering the army as Copperheads become Abolitionists in about six months. The disloyal 109th Illinois, which destroyed Union men's property, and were troubled so much with the 'smell of nigger' at home, have become most loyal and determined to restore the Union, cost what it will. If there is anything our Western soldiers hate more than another, it is a Copperhead. I saw a boy go on a steamer here, selling the Chicago *Times*. The soldiers drove him ashore with such curses that he was glad when he got away."

WHEN FREEDMEN SHOULD BE RE-CONSIGNED TO SLAVERY.—On Monday last two gentlemen, residents of this city, had an interview on business with the Secretary of War. The conversation turned upon the Emancipation proclamation, and the chances that there might soon be overtures from some of the insurrectionary States to be readmitted into the Union, with slavery. Mr. Stanton, with emphasis and action suited to the word, remarked: "When the negro blood which was shed before Port Hudson and Milliken's Bend shall return from the ground to circulate in the veins of living men, then, but never till then, by consent or action of mine, shall one freedman emancipated by the President's proclamation be returned to slavery!" We had the above from one of the two gentlemen in question—whose name is well known to the public.—*N. Y. Evening Post, 25th ult.*

AN INCIDENT AT THE RUINS.—A lady passing the house of Mr. Gibbons, in Lamartine Place, which was sacked by the mob, saw an Irish woman sitting near the ruins and weeping most bitterly. She asked the woman what the matter was, and received this reply: "Three years ago, Mrs. Gibbons saved me and my children from starvation, and it almost breaks my heart that this trouble should have come upon one so good." An invalid soldier, whose attention was attracted by the circumstance, remarked: "Yes, this was a house that every man ought to have defended, for Mrs. Gibbons and her daughter left all its comforts to go to distant hospitals, that they might take care of us wounded soldiers."—*Eve. Post.*

MR. FRANKLIN PIERCE has been snubbed. In his Concord speech on the Fourth of July, it will be remembered, he made humble overtures of peace to the rebels, at the same time deprecating a prosecution of hostilities by the Federal government, and pledging the New Hampshire "democracy" to do all in their power to gain for the insurgents "such guarantees as will secure their safety." To all this the rebels make but one reply. Holding their noses, they say to Mr. Pierce and his echoes: We scorn your proposals; we would "rather be wedded to a corpse than to the North." "Rather," says the Richmond *Sentinel*, 'would we join hands with a fiend from the pit than with Northern Democrats." Can anybody tell us what Mr. Pierce has to say to this response?—*Evening Post.*

WE once saw in Theodore Parker's Library, hanging on the wall, a framed autograph of Thomas Sims, the fugitive slave who was sent out of that State some years ago with such solemn mockery of justice—leaving behind him, as he went back to his bonds, this relic from his hand, and a shadow over the whole city of Boston. Did any one at that time hazard a thought that Sims was likely ever to see a free city again? When that same slave lately escaped from Vicksburg and returned to Boston, the many congratulations which he received amounted almost to a public reception. More recently still, he was lifted to an equality of honor with the sons of Edward Everett, by being drafted into the service of the United States. The Good Cause is moving forward, like the giant with the seven-leagued boots in the fairy tale!—*Independent.*

WE have still pro-slavery clergymen in Washington—I am sorry to say it. Several of our ministers who attended the crowded meeting in Dr. Sunderland's church last Sunday night to meet Rev. Dr. Massie of London, refused to sign the reply to the address of the English clergymen because of the anti-slavery sentences in it! Dr. Sunderland's course is very honorable to him. He is doing a noble work here for the government and for the cause of Freedom. He has it in his power to do much more than such men as Channing, who have been Abolitionists all along—with a class of our citizens, I mean. He reaches the pro-slavery and the non-committal classes. He will not do so much longer, however, for the incorrigible are falling off, and the reasonable are being converted to the truth. If the rebellion is finally crushed, Washington will become an anti-slavery city in a very short time. It is the hope of final triumph for the rebels that keeps alive the pro-slavery sentiment of the city, and indeed of the whole border country.—*Wash. Cor. Independent.*

THE COPPERHEADS and their allies, Jeff. Davis & Co., are troubled at the continued prosperity of the North. What to make of it they don't know. The God of battles is evidently with us in this trying hour, and is making our extraordinary burdens very light. All things go on smoothly. Prosperity abounds in every quarter. Indeed we are making money as never before. Merchants continue to pay their notes as usual (*i. e.*, those who don't buy for cash), and manufacturers "keep the wheels agoing" in spite of war, murder, and mobs. In this also the Copperheads mourn. Instead of sorrow we continue to have joy. New York has not yet—all of it—been sacked and burned. Instead of fasting in sackcloth we are to have praise and thanksgiving. Business thrives. Instead of Jeff. Davis as President or McClellan as "Dictator," we are to have Abraham Lincoln as our chief a while longer. Stocks are going up. Bread is plenty, and everybody smiles. What shall be done about it? What can we do for the gold speculators and the Copperheads? Both seem alike in trouble. One party can't make money, and the other party can't make headway. Pity the poor fellows!—*Independent.*

GOV. LOWE'S PREDICTION.—Let me tell you what Gov. Lowe said about the dark days of April, '61, in my hearing. Actual results have proved him to be almost a prophet, whether he was aware of it or not. He paced up and down the room clenching his fists and beating the air, and breathing forth anathemas upon the Northern people. He said that they could not conquer the South; that they would water the soil of Virginia with their ignoble blood, and fatten it with their flesh and bones, but that they could never subjugate their enemy. When asked, Why? he replied: "Because their Generals will not let them. They may send a million of soldiers into Virginia," said he, "but they will only make fields of Waterloo for that State, over which the waving harvests of wheat will hide their whitened bones for a century to come!" "Maybe so, and maybe not," was my reply. I have often thought on this fugitive ex-Governor's predictions, and wondered whether he spoke what he knew, or whether he inferred it would be so.—*Baltimore Cor. Eve. Post.*

WHO WRITES OUR NEGRO SONGS?—The principal writer of our national music is said to be Stephen C. Foster, the author of "Uncle Ned," "O Susannah," etc. Mr. Foster resides near Pittsburg, where he occupies a small clerkship, upon which, and the percentage on the sale of his songs, he depends for a living. He writes the poetry as well as the music of his songs. They are sung wherever the English language is spoken, while the music is heard wherever men sing. In the cotton-fields of the South; among the mines of California and Australia; in the seacoast cities of China; in Paris; in London prisons—everywhere, in fact, his melodies are heard. "Uncle Ned" was the first. This was published in 1846, and reached a sale till then unknown in the music-publishing business. Of "The Old Folks at Home," 100,000 copies have been sold in this country, and as many more in England. "My Old Kentucky Home" and "Old Dog Tray" each have had a sale of about 70,000. All his other songs have had a great run.

BENJAMIN JOHNSTON, a colored man, was drafted from the town of Scio, Allegany County. Mr. Johnston reported at the Provost Marshal's office in this village, on Friday last, and offered an able-bodied white man as a substitute. He was examined and accepted—has been sworn into service, and is now in the barracks as the substitute for Mr. Johnston. It seems to us that if a black man may hire a white man for a substitute, a white man ought to be allowed to hire a black man for a substitute. It is a poor rule that won't work both ways. The present arrangement gives the "nigger" an advantage over the whites, since he may hire from any color or race. We present this case for the consideration and indignation of our Copperhead friends. It is another evidence of the "rank inequalities" of the Conscript law, and perfectly conclusive on the point, which has heretofore been doubted by some, that this is a "war for the nigger."—*Elmira paper.*

A KENTUCKY SLAVEHOLDER ON EMANCIPATION.—At the dinner of the Alumni of Dartmouth College, on the 23d ult., Mr. Jacob Dinsmore, of Kentucky, a member of the class of 1813, made the following remarks:

"If in crushing out this accursed rebellion, slavery must go overboard, then for God's sake let it go. I am at the present time a Kentucky slaveholder; I have been such for more than forty years, but I assure you that during all this time I have been a firm and unwavering emancipationist (applause). Under existing circumstances I cannot well set free my slaves; but I pay every one of them the same daily wages that I should give corresponding white laborers. I want this war to be prosecuted, and if slavery shall be crushed, then I cheerfully abide by its destruction. I am a loyal Kentuckian, and whatever fate in the course of the war shall befall the domestic institutions of my State, I shall give way to no murmurings, but under all circumstances shall stand up for my country and her flag (great applause). There is but one course for the loyal North to pursue, and that is to put down this wicked rebellion. We must defeat the rebels or they will conquer us" (renewed cheering).

THE TENDER MERCY OF THE MOB.—We published the other day a brief account, by Mr. J. S. Gibbons, of the manner in which his house had been sacked by the mob. The instance is only another proof of the utter blindness of the malice by which such an assemblage is actuated. Mr. Gibbons is one of the most public-spirited and charitable men of our city, whose hand has ever been ready for any good work, and whose active benevolence among the poorer classes has long been known to his friends. His wife, the daughter of the late Isaac T. Hopper, who spent his life in promoting the comforts of the poor, has been, since the outbreak of the war, one of the most efficient of that benevolent corps of women-nurses who have followed the army to soothe the sufferings and assuage the distresses of our wounded soldiers. Utterly regardless of her own comfort, and often at the risk of her life, she, with her daughter, has been in constant attendance at the couch of the sick and dying. Even while the mob was plundering her house, scattering its furniture, books and pictures to the winds, she was hundreds of miles away, giving what consolation she could to our poor invalids. But perhaps this was her very offence in the eyes of these lovers of peace.—*Evening Post.*

WENDELL PHILLIPS'S SPEECHES are out in a very elegant volume. A judicious selection seems to have been made, and I am glad to see that the speech of July, 1861, at Framingham, so abusive to Gov. Andrew, has been omitted. There is no garbling; indeed Mr. Phillips is incapable of that, though I am confident he saw some things which he would have preferred to leave out. The description of Mr. Choate as "a monkey in convulsions," is unworthy of one great orator speaking of another equally great, though in a very different style. For it does not seem to me possible to deny to Mr. Choate great oratorical power and great genius. There was always a temptation to waste a day in court when he was to argue a great case. Those who have ever heard Mr. Phillips will be glad to get this book, for it will help them to recall to memory his wonderful gifts, while the boys of another generation, who will know him only as we know Fisher Ames and William Pinkney, by tradition, will be able in some degree to appreciate, by this volume, the admiration which all critics of eloquence, friendly or hostile, feel for him. I should omit what is Mr. Phillips's chief glory, however, if I failed to mention the evidence this book gives of his steadiness and devotion to the great cause which has claimed and taken the whole of his busy life—not yet half finished, I hope.—"*Warrington,*" *in The Springfield Republican.*

THE 54TH MASSACHUSETTS was led by a commander whose gentle and manly qualities, whose kind and considerate treatment of his men, had won their love and enthusiastic personal devotion, while his calm and cheerful courage was a constant example which they would have been ashamed not to imitate. He waved them forward from the parapet when he fell, but they fought till three hundred of their comrades lay beside and around him, and only a boy Lieutenant was left of all their officers to lead them out of a fight that was hopeless. The General—Stevenson—who was in command of the reserve that should have come to their rescue, and made Fort Wagner their own, was arrested some months ago—just before he was made a Brigadier, to the discredit of the U. S. Senate—for declaring that he would rather be defeated than victorious with black soldiers. No General Orders will report that Gen. Stevenson was defeated, or that black men were victorious at Fort Wagner; but there is a verdict higher and more just than official reports, and this will pass judgment on the character of the courage of the negro soldier, and the spirit of the words of the white Copperhead Colonel. The representative facts of this Boston black regiment, and this Boston white General, thus face to face, in word and in action, are among the significations with which the times abound, and which wise men heed.—*Independent.*

CONDITION OF THE FREEDMEN IN SOUTH CAROLINA.—A gentleman recently from the Department of South Carolina communicates to the Boston *Traveller* some interesting facts with regard to the condition of the freedmen on the Sea Islands. The conscription has taken a large part of the able-bodied male negroes, and the others have been left by government to shift for themselves. This they are doing, and they show much industry, tact and perseverance. The plantations and garden patches which they lease from the government are well cultivated, and will be quite productive. There is on Lady's Island a plantation which is owned by the negroes who work it. It was purchased at government sale last year, by a gentleman who sold it to the negroes at cost, viz., $400. They paid one-half of the purchase money down, and the balance will be paid from the crop now in the ground. The plantation is worked by seven men, eight women, six boys and one girl, who also support an old man, and twelve boys and six girls who attend school. They have planted three acres of ground nuts, four and one-half acres of peas, fifty acres of corn, sixty-three and one half acres of cotton, six acres of potatoes, and one and one-half acres of rice. The crops are now growing finely, and no farm in New England is more free from weeds. They have one mule and two horses, and will produce two years' supply of provisions, beside the cotton, rice and other articles which they will have to sell. Such facts as these should weigh conclusively against any amount of theorizing upon the problem of the capacity of the negro to take care of himself.

A WORD FROM THE WEST.—*Indianapolis, July* 11.—If you could hear the horror and indignation expressed by the whole country at the devilish riots in New York; the readiness, aye, and the desire, to be an instrument in the government's hands for cutting up New York Copperheadism by the roots, you and all friends of law and order would take heart. Depend upon it, when it becomes necessary, this young Hercules of the West can strangle with one hand the Copperheads of the East, and with the other, the serpents of rebellion in the Southwest. No words can express the magnificence of the material destiny or the power and wealth and population, which is before the communities on the great alluvial plains of these States. Most of the great Empires in the past have arisen on such alluvial lands. This Empire will be pledged to loyalty to the American idea—Liberty and Union—and if it were possible that the East could give up her purpose of extending Free Institutions over the whole country, the great Central States of the West, with their free and martial population, would execute it themselves. The New York riots, as you will probably divine, inure vastly to the strengthening of the government in the rural districts. Resistance to the draft, murdering inoffensive negroes, sacking orphan asylums, arson, murder, and riot, are now indelibly associated in the people's minds with Copperhead doctrines and pro-slavery, anti-loyal speeches and actions. This rebellion at the North is looked upon only as another act in the great drama of rebellion at the South, and is a fresh argument (if it were needed) that no exposure or suffering is too great to be incurred to crush the latter